The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* October *will be noticed in the* November *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th November, *in the* December *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The title of Mr. J. M. Barrie's new novel will be 'Sentimental Tommy.' Mr. Barrie will be occupied during the winter in completing it, and then preparing his edition of the Waverley Novels.

We hear that the late Mr. Walter Pater has left behind him a considerable number of unpublished essays, which are being prepared for the press by his friend Mr. C. L. Shadwell, whose graceful and scholarly translation of the *Purgatorio* of Dante will be familiar to many of our readers. The first volume to be issued will be a collection of 'Greek Studies.' It will be followed by another which will contain several essays of a similar character to those in 'Imaginary Portraits.' Mr. Pater's unfinished work, 'Gaston de Latour,' will also be republished in due course.

The title fixed for Mr. S. R. Crockett's new story, to appear in *Good Words* next year, is 'The Men of the Moss-Hags.' It deals with the adventures of the Covenanters in the Killing Time, and the hero rides at Cameron's back at the last charge at Aird's Moss, and holds up the banner of blue at the Sanquhar Declaration.

Not content with his successes in one branch of art, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley has decided to try his hand at another. Mr. John Lane will publish shortly a book by him with the following title:—"The Story of Venus and Tannhäuser; in which is set forth an exact account of the manner of State held by Madam Venus, Goddess and Meretrix, under the famous Hörselberg, and containing the adventures of Tannhäuser in that place, his repentance, his journey to Rome, and return to the loving mountain." The volume will contain about 130 pages of letterpress, "twenty full-page illustrations, and numerous ornaments from the same hand."

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are preparing an *edition de luxe* of Mr. Barrie's 'Auld Licht Idylls.' Like 'A Window in Thrums,' it will be illustrated by Mr. William Hole, R.S.A. The similar edition of 'A Window in Thrums' was bought up immediately, and copies now sell at a considerably advanced price.

Mr. William Strang and Mr. J. B. Clark have illustrated an edition of 'The Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen,' to be issued shortly by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. It may not be superfluous to say that the famous book is not a translation. There is a general impression that it is from the German. It was written first in English by a German, probably by Rudolf Raspe, and five editions had appeared in this country before a translation, with a preface by Bürger, was published in his own.

Professor Flint's work on Socialism will be published by Messrs. Isbister in November. It will include a full survey of the literature on Socialism.

Dr. E. J. Dillon's book, 'The Sceptics of the Old Testament,' will appear in November. It is an amplification of his *Contemporary* articles on the Book of Job and Ecclesiastes, with new matter, together with the text of both books according to his version of them.

Mr. Andrew Lang has written an introduction to a Selection from Scottish Border Ballads, which Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen will publish.

Mr. Theodore Watts is at present at Dursley, in Gloucester. We hear that Mr. Watts has been making some very interesting inquiries into Shakespeare's connection with Gloucestershire, and is satisfied that the poet's evident familiarity with that county is owing to his having stayed at Dursley with one of the Shakespeares who was living there during his lifetime. The Gloucestershire names of people mentioned by him are still largely represented in Dursley, and the descriptions of the neighbourhood are so singularly accurate as to be easily identified.

Mr. Percy White, the author of 'Mr. Bailey-Martin' and editor of *Public Opinion*, who was assistant editor of the *Evening News* at the time of its purchase by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, has ceased to be editorially connected with the *News*, which is now entirely under the editorship of Mr. Louis Tracy, formerly of the *Sun*.

The name of Mr. George Gissing's new novel, to be published soon by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, is 'In the Year of Jubilee.'

The same publishers have in hand a novel by a new, or comparatively new, writer, Mr. Colin Middleton, called 'Without Respect of Persons.' It is said by those who have had the chance of reading it to be one of unusual interest and vigour.

Ian Maclaren's 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush' will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton on October 8th.

'Beyond the Dreams of Avarice,' Walter Besant's new novel, is not likely to be published before the beginning of next year.

Mr. Vizetelly's translation of 'Lourdes' is selling even better than his translations of Zola's other works. The first edition was immediately disposed of, and another is in the hands of the printer.

A forthcoming volume of The Muses' Library will be 'The Poems of Drummond of Hawthornden,' edited by Mr. W. C. Ward. Mr. Ward is the son of Mr. William Ward, well known to all readers of Mr. Ruskin's life.

We hear that there is in preparation a volume on the Esk—Drummond of Hawthornden's Esk. It will be fully illustrated with etchings of buildings and scenes of literary and historical interest.

We understand that "Gabriel Setoun," whose 'Barncraig,' published by Mr. John Murray last year, was so favourably received, has finished a new novel. "Barncraig" is a little mining village on the Fife shore of the Forth; and the new story will discover further episodes in its life.

In the beginning of next year Messrs. Westwood, of Cupar, will publish the two volumes on 'Fife: Pictorial and Historical; its People, Burghs, Castles and Mansions,' upon which Mr. A. H. Millar has been engaged for a considerable time. The work, which is now out of the author's hands, is a comprehensive county history, copiously illustrated, embodying the latest statistics and archæological discoveries, and at the same time dealing with the topography, industries, social condition, history, and local government of the shire. Fife is possessed of literary and historical associations richer, probably, than those of any other county in Scotland, and in consequence has always been a favourite subject with writers seeking the picturesque; but this will be the first attempt to set forth in an elaborate way its history, which is an epitome of the progress of Scotland. Mr. Millar is at present engaged also on a history of the reign of James VI., largely founded on original research; and he is editing for the Scottish History Society 'The Forfeited Estates Papers, 1745-46,' and the MS. 'Note-book of Bailie Wedderburne, Dundee, 1580-1623.'

Mr. Percy Andreae has in the press a new novel, entitled 'The Mask and the Man,' the scene of which is laid in France. It will be published shortly by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., who will also issue a cheap edition of Mr. Andreae's excellent ghost story, 'Stanhope of Chester.'

In the *Sunday Magazine* the next year's serial will be 'The Tender Mercies of the Good,' by Christabel Coleridge.

The Tauchnitz Library has just reached its 3,000th volume.

A book of great historical and social importance which may be expected soon is 'Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of King George the Third, first published by Sir Denis Le Marchant, and now re-edited by G. F. Russell Barker.' The book, which is in four volumes, will be published by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. It will contain several unpublished portraits of Reynolds.

A new novel, in two volumes, by Clark Russell, entitled 'The Good Ship *Mohawk*,' will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus during November.

Mr. Clark Russell will have a serial in *Good Words* next year.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll has become the English correspondent of the New York *Bookbuyer*.

Messrs. George Bell and Sons are about to bring out a fully illustrated work on the British Navy, by Mr. C. N. Robinson, naval editor of *The Army and Navy Gazette*.

We are able to give a few additional particulars of the *edition de luxe* of 'The Faerie Queen,' to be published by Mr. George Allen, and illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane. The book will be issued in eighteen monthly parts, each containing four full-page illustrations, besides specially designed head-pieces, tail-pieces, and initial letters. The work will be printed upon hand-made paper, expressly manufactured of a tint selected to exhibit Mr. Crane's designs to the best advantage. The size will be large post quarto, and the price 10s. 6d. per part net. One thousand copies only will be printed. The text is being re-edited from the original editions by Mr. Thomas J. Wise, who will follow as closely as practicable the quartos of 1590 and 1596.

An interesting contribution to folk-lore will be Mr. R. Nisbet Bain's 'Cossack Fairy Tales.' He has translated them from the Ruthenian dialect, of the knowledge of which he has probably a monopoly in England. Mr. Ernest Mitchell has illustrated the book, which will be published by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.

Dr. Vaughan's new volume of sermons will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. under the title of 'Last Words in the Temple Church.'

Energetic efforts are being made to publish a complete edition of the works of Guy de Maupassant. His principal posthumous work will be 'The Angelus,' which deals with the Franco-Prussian war, and of which the author had great hopes.

Mr. Frank Harris retires from the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*. For a considerable time he conducted it with much spirit, but the later numbers have been less interesting. It is thought that his successor will be Mr. Oswald Crawford, the managing director of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Mr. Crawford was the editor of the *New Quarterly Magazine*, which published some fine work by George Meredith and Thomas Hardy. He was also closely connected with *Black and White*, being for some time the editor.

Messrs. Innes and Co. will issue next month, in the now popular six shilling one-volume form, Mr. Stanley Weyman's new novel, 'My Lady Rotha.' The book will be embellished with eight full-page illustrations.

The new edition of Mr. Pennell's 'Pen Drawing,' which will shortly be issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., will

contain over 400 illustrations, or nearly double the number there were in the first edition.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who has just celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, has sent the following letter to a correspondent: "It is better not to have written about what I may have done, but to review, as you did, the pleasant things in my surroundings. I am tired of hearing about myself in the former manner, and I pay no attention now to what they say of me. I am therefore reverently thankful for the many mercies still granted me. I am well enough yet to keep besides our housemaids three other women employed for me each morning. My secretary most admirably performs her duties of caring for my large correspondence, and looking after the numerous manuscripts still sent to me from everywhere for criticism, and other important matters. Then I have a clever librarian, who knows and finds for me all necessary books, thus saving my eyes in many ways; while a third person makes herself generally useful to me in various ways; so that for a man who has all his life been overworking, I can at eighty-five but be sincerely thankful for my many mercies, and that I still have the faculties remaining for usefulness and enjoyment."

Dr. Holmes goes on: "I dislike to criticise; it has never to me been pleasant to put my foot on other men's necks. One ought to try to put himself in the other man's place. The critic exists by high authority, but it is a position to which few persons can safely be chosen, and I have always disliked to hold that relation to any man."

The Life of Miss Frances E. Willard, which is to appear in time for Christmas, promises to be a very interesting volume. Considerable space will be devoted to reminiscences of her childhood, school-days, and of her sister, Mary Willard, whose story she has told in the volume, 'Nineteen Beautiful Years,' as well as to the history of the early days of the great Temperance, Woman's Rights, and Social Purity movements, with which she is so closely connected. The book will contain some interesting illustrations—one by Lady Henry Somerset, who will also contribute the introduction.

A very amusing story is being told of Mr. Oscar Wilde and a certain poet, who shall be nameless. The bard complained to the æsthete that a book of his had been practically ignored by certain critics. "There is a conspiracy of silence against my book!" he said. "What should you do about it, if you were I?" "Join it," was the answer.

Miss Edith Johnstone, the author of 'A Sunless Heart,' has almost ready for press a new novel, entitled 'Vyger Harmens.' It is a study of heredity and environment. 'A Sunless Heart' was, by-the-by, offered to three publishers before it was accepted by Ward and Lock.

Mr. George Allen's edition of 'Pride and Prejudice,' with illustrations by Hugh Thomson, which we were the first to announce, is to be ready this month. There are to be 250 large paper copies at two guineas net. Mr. Saintsbury will prefix an introduction.

Mr. Frederick Atkins, the editor of the *Young Man* and the *Young Woman*, has secured for his new paper, the *New Age*, the serial rights of Mr. Joseph Hocking's story, 'All Men are Liars.' It is a novel with a purpose, and has been written with the express view of combating the modern spirit of pessimism and cynicism. Mr. Atkins suggested the title.

Mary Hallock Foote's novel, 'Cœur d'Alene,' which has been running through the *Century* serially, will be published shortly in book form by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

Principal Douglas, who was for fifteen years Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College, Glasgow, has prepared an important work, in which the question of the single or diverse authorship of the Book of the Prophet Isaiah is exhaustively treated.

"Magdalen Brooke," who wrote 'The Story of Eleanor Lambert,' a volume of the Pseudonym Library, is Miss Harriet M. Capes. She has ready another volume, consisting of short stories contributed to the magazines.

One of the prettiest of forthcoming books will be 'Good King Wenceslaus, a carol, pictured by Arthur J. Gaskin, and printed by his hand at the press of the Guild of Handicraft in the City of Birmingham, with a few words of introduction written by William Morris.' The popular edition is to cost 3s. 6d., but there will be a special edition at 25s. Messrs. Cornish Bros, of Birmingham, are the publishers. Mr. Gaskin's skill as a decorative artist was abundantly proved in his charming illustrations to Hans Andersen published last Christmas by Mr. George Allen.

Lady Gwendolen Ramsay has ready for publication a volume entitled 'Maid or Mouse, and other Stories.'

Mrs. Vere Campbell, the author of 'Shibboleth,' has ready a novel, entitled 'Between the Groundsel and the Sky.'

Miss Maggie Swan, sister of Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith), has finished a novel, entitled 'A Late Awakening.' It will be published either in the late autumn or early spring.

The Christmas number of the *Sunday Magazine* will consist of one story, 'A Great Indiscretion,' by Evelyn Everett Green.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the American critic, is now engaged upon what he hopes will be the completest, most accurate, and scholarly edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe. It is to be in ten volumes, and Mr. Stedman is writing two critical essays for the work, which is now practically finished and undergoing revision. Mr. Stedman has also on hand an exhaustive and up-to-date anthology of modern English poetry.

Mr. Campbell Rae-Brown, the author of the well-known recitation, 'Kissing Cup Race,' has ready for press a sporting and dramatic novel, which he proposes to call 'The Naked Truth.'

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. will publish immediately 'A Farm in Fairyland,' written and illustrated by Laurence Housman.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

AUGUST 20 TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

The improvement mentioned in the last report has been fairly well maintained, and at the moment of writing trade is decidedly brisker. School orders are coming in and are moderately heavy. Foreign trade is steady, and the war between China and Japan has not at present interfered with business, the only result being, as is usually the case, a considerable advance in insurance premiums. The most noticeable feature in connection with school books is the steady disappearance of "catechisms." Twenty years since 'Stepping Stones to Knowledge,' 'Pinnock's Catechisms,' 'Pinnock's First Steps to Knowledge,' Guy's and Brewer's 'Catechisms' sold literally by tens of thousands. Now all is changed and oral teaching is apparently the order of the day. The only exception in this connection is 'The Child's Guide to Knowledge, by a Lady,' which is still freely enquired for. It appears to be in favour at private schools, which are independent of the 'New Code of Regulations' and H.M. Inspector.

It is difficult to state precisely the leading school books, but careful enquiry points to no change in the list given earlier in the year. The list is capable of great extension, but for the purposes of this article it is confined to the books used by the better class of schools.

History, Meiklejohn.
Geography ,,
Grammar ,,
Algebra, Hamblin Smith.
Arithmetic ,,
Euclid, Todhunter.
French, Chardenal's Courses.
Latin, Dr. W. Smith's Courses,
Greek ,, ,,
German, Otto.

With regard to general literature there is a brisker demand, as the "fireside season" is commencing. May the nights be long and cheerless, or of any description that will keep the public indoors and make them read!

The demand for the 6s. novel is still well maintained. Nothing like it can be recalled by the oldest member of the trade. The majority of the works named last month are repeated in the list given below, the enquiry for them being as brisk as ever. 'Ships that Pass in the Night,' 3s. 6d., is going freely. Booksellers find that they must still stock it, and they are well repaid by so doing.

The recitation season is now commencing, and the powers of the wholesale bookseller are at times sorely taxed by enquiries for "book of recitations, containing so and so." However, they are usually able to identify the publication required. Let us hope that their efforts are appreciated by a more or less grateful public.

Much attention is now paid to works dealing with social economy, land nationalisation, and radical movements generally. The volumes of Sonnenschein's 2s. 6d. series are always well received.

List of principal works in request:—

Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Manxman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.
Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s.
Perlycross. By R. D. Blackmore. 6s.
Story (The) of a Modern Woman. By Ella H. Dixon. 6s.
Heavenly Twins (The). By Sarah Grand. 6s.
Spirit World (The). By Florence Marryat. 6s.
Half a Hero. By Anthony Hope. 6s.
Ships that Pass in the Night. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.
Prisoner of Zenda (The). By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.
Dolly Dialogues (The). By Anthony Hope. 1s.
Downfall (The) of Lobengula. By W. A. Wills and L. T. Collingridge. 6s.
Beautiful Joe. By M. Saunders. 3s.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 10s. net.
Great War (The) in 1897. By W. Le Queux. 6s.
Jungle Book (The). By R. Kipling. 6s.
Bells (The) of Is. By F. B. Meyer. 2s. 6d.
Songs, Poems, and Verses. By Lady Dufferin. 12s.
Supernatural (The) in Christianity. By Dr. Rainy and others. 2s.
Introduction to Literature of Old Testament. By Dr. Driver. 12s.
Historical Geography of the Holy Land. By G. A. Smith. 15s.
We Three and Troddles. By R. Andom. 3s. 6d.
Lourdes. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
Kindness (The) of the Celestial, and other stories. By Barry Pain. 3s. 6d.
Cartoons (The) of St. Mark. By R. F. Horton. 5s.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLERS' TRADE.

Week ending
Aug. 26.—Trade light, but slightly improving. Foreign and colonial a little brisker all round.
Sept. 1.—Still improving, with more trade in school books. Foreign trade steady, colonial better, with activity in South Africa.
Sept. 8.—Improvement continues very slowly indeed. Foreign and colonial better all round.
Sept. 15.—Trade much brisker, with strong hopes of a good season. Foreign and colonial has steadied, but is equal to previous years.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CASSELL AND CO.—The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala. By Himself. In 2 Vols. 32s. The Life of Daniel Defoe. By Thomas Wright. 21s. The People's Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Illustrated. 1s. Diet and Cookery for Common Ailments, By a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Phyllis Browne. 5s. Campaigns of Curiosity. Journalistic Adventures of an American Girl in London. By Elizabeth L. Banks. 2s. Pomona's Travels. A Series of Letters to the Mistress of Rudder Grange from her former Handmaiden. By Frank R. Stockton. 7s. 6d. The Highway of Sorrow. By Hesba Stretton and . . . . 6s. The Sea Wolves. By Max Pemberton. 6s. Gleanings from the Patent Laws of all Countries. With Notes. By W. Lloyd Wise, J.P., C.C., F.R.G.S.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.—Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Walter Besant, Author of 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men.' 3 vols. 15s. nett. Rachel Dene. By Robert Buchanan, Author of 'The Shadow of the Sword.' 2 vols. 10s. nett. Mr. Jervis: A Romance of the Indian Hills. By B. M. Croker. 3 vols. 15s. nett. In an Iron Grip. By L. T. Meade. 2 vols. 10s. nett. The Good Ship "Mohock." By W. Clark Russell. 2 vols. 10s. nett. Dr. Endicott's Experiment. By Adeline Sergeant. 2 vols. 10s. nett. Vernon's Aunt: Being the Oriental Experiences of Miss Lavinia Moffat. By Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. E. C. Cotes). 3s. 6d. Renshaw Fanning's Quest: A Tale of the High Veldt. By Bertram Mitford. In Deacon's Orders, etc. By Walter Besant. 3s. 6d. Scenes from the Show. By George R. Sims (Dagonet). 2s. 6d. The Bell-ringer of Angel's, etc. By Bret Harte. 3s. 6d. Eighteenth Century Vignettes. By Austin Dobson. A Second Series. 6s. Studies in Prose and Poetry; Essays. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 9s. Pudd'n-Head Wilson. By Mark Twain. With Illustrations by Louis Loeb. 3s. 6d. As We Are: As We May Be. Social Essays. By Walter Besant, Author of 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men,' etc. 6s. My First Book. By Walter Besant, J. K. Jerome, R. L. Stevenson, and other Authors. 7s. 6d. Walter Besant: A Study. By the late John Underhill. 6s.

J. M. DENT AND CO.—Milton's Il Penseroso and L'Allegro. With 9 Photogravures, 4 Wood Engravings, and other Illustrations, by William Hyde. 10s. 6d. net. Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese. With 48 Decorative Designs by F. C. Tilney, and an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. 10s. 6d. net. Malory's Le Morte Darthur. Reprinted word for word from Caxton's Edition of 1485, pointed and spelt in conformity with modern usage; with an Introduction by Professor Rhys, and about 300 Illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley. 2 vols. 35s. net. Will be completed in October. Popular British Ballads, Ancient and Modern,

Edited by Reginald Brimley Johnson. 4 vols. 12s. net. The Lyric Poets. Edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys. A new series of volumes of English Lyrical Poetry. 2s. 6d. net each volume. Susan Edmonstone Ferrier—Novels. With Introduction by R. Brimley Johnson, and 17 Photogravure Illustrations after drawings by Nellie Erichsen, and a hitherto unpublished portrait. 6 vols. 15s. net. Madame de Staël—Corinne, or Italy. Translated from the French, with an Introduction by George Saintsbury, and 6 Illustrations by H. S. Greig. 2 vols. 5s. net. Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb, with a continuation by Harrison S. Morris, with 24 Illustrations. 4 vols. 7s. 6d. net. Annals of a Quiet Valley in the Wordsworth Country. By John Watson, with 30 Illustrations by Bertha Newcombe (3 in Photogravure). Overheard in Arcady. By Robert Bridges, with Illustrations by Oliver Herford, F. G. Attwood, and A. E. Sterner. 3s. 6d. net. Madonna and other Poems. By Harrison S. Morris. Illustrated. 1 vol. 7s. 6d. net. The Golden Book of Coleridge. Selected and edited with a critical introduction by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., and an Etched Portrait. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Gay and Bird.—Timothy's Quest. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. With over eighty text and full-page Illustrations by Oliver Herford. Naples and its Environs. By Clara Erskine Clement. With twenty Photogravures of views and objects of interest. Famous Composers and Their Works. By twenty-six contributors, English, French, German, and American, and profusely illustrated. A Complete Dictionary of Synonyms and Autonyms. By Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D.D. In the Dozy Hours. By Agnes Repplier. Artful Anticks, By Oliver Herford. Melody. By Laura E. Richards. A Worker in Iron. By Charles T. C. James. Inez: A Welsh Idyll. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. Love Lyrics. By Alan Stanley. The National Cyclopædia of American Biography. Fully illustrated. To be completed in 12 volumes, probable price, two guineas each.

Messrs. Henry and Co.—History of Modern Painting. By Dr. Richard Muther, Director of the Berlin State Collection of Prints and Engravings. In 15 Monthly Parts. With Wilson in Matabeleland; or, Sport and War in Zambesia. By Capt. C. H. W. Donovan. The Violin. By Horace Petherick. The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham. By John Oliver Hobbes. Baron Verdigris. By Jocelyn Quilp. With a Frontispiece by Aubrey Beardsley. Holiday Rhymes.

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From Photo by] MISS VIOLET HUNT. *[Russell & Sons, Baker St., W.*

NEW WRITERS

MISS VIOLET HUNT.

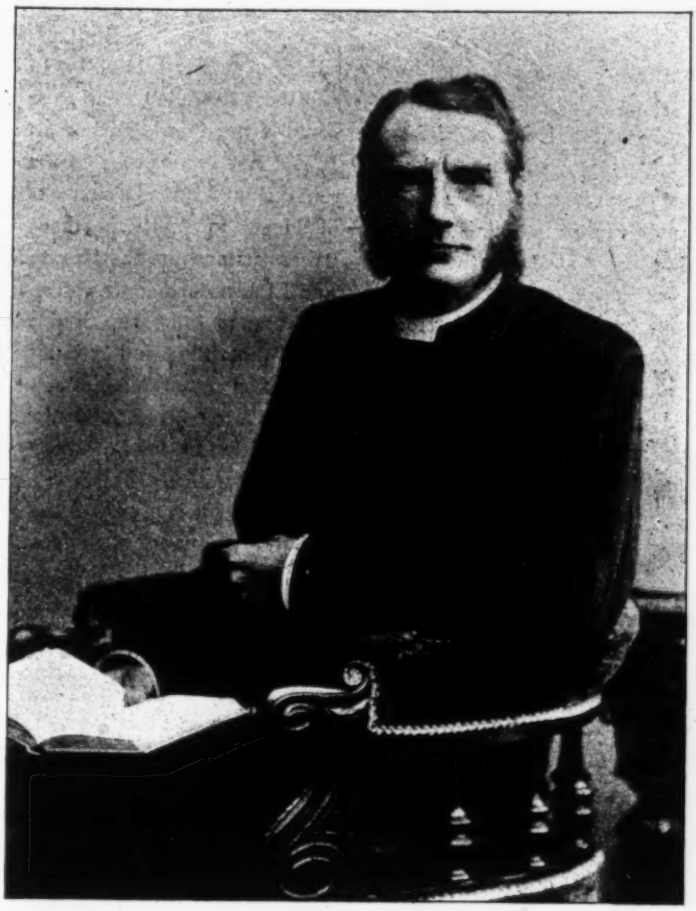
MISS VIOLET HUNT, whose 'Maiden's Progress' stands among the three or four best novels of the season, is the eldest daughter of Mr. Alfred Hunt, the eminent landscape painter, and of Mrs. Alfred Hunt, well known as a writer of popular novels. She was intended for the profession of her father, and worked as an art student for some time. But about three years ago she began to contribute stories, social articles, and dialogues to the papers. At present she is on the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Pall Mall Budget*, and contributes frequently to the *Illustrated London News* and the *Sketch*.

'The Maiden's Progress' is a new departure in English fiction, Miss Hunt having adopted the French form of telling her story in dialogue, a difficult method of narration, and one needing a very subtle kind of talent. It has been very successful in the hands of Gyp and M. Lavedan, but English writers had not used it effectively, at least, before Miss Hunt's 'Maiden's Progress,' which is as full of dialogue as a play, and as free from narrative and description—except in the form usual to dramatists of rare and brief stage directions. Written to be read, not acted, Miss Hunt's story has a distinct advantage in the way of readableness over a stage play, and indeed, apart from the novelty of its form, its popular success is well deserved.

THE READER.

BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH.*

WHEN the first of these idylls of Drumtochty appeared nearly a year ago, and while the authorship was still a secret, they were assigned to more than one distinguished illustrator of Scottish manners. Some even thought that they betrayed Mr. J. M. Barrie under a fresh pseudonym. But besides other differences, their Scotch was not that of Forfarshire. One felt that it blew off the other end of Strathmore; and it was not long before there drifted upon it sufficient signs of the exact locality. "The Perth doctor" was a very broad hint. The *Advertiser* (of course, of Dundee); the railway with its little branch line; "the wild glen that broke the wall of the Grampians above Drumtochty"; "to the westward Dunleith," with its "four doctors and a hydropathic"—these sufficiently define the lower valley of the Almond. It is, I think, unexplored ground. Robert Nicoll's inimitable poems in the same dialect are of a Perthshire farther east, and including Perth itself.



From Photo by] IAN MACLAREN. [*Mowl & Morrison, Liverpool.*

Most of the more recent pictures of Scottish life have been taken from the small towns. "Ian Maclaren" has gone back to the pure country, the scenery of Dr. Alexander's 'Johnnie Gibb o' Gushetneuk,' but in another shire and with a later generation. Not even a village is visible, though we hear of a clachan. Two kirks, their manses, a schoolhouse, a doctor's house, a smithy, and a public-house; half-a-dozen farm steadings, and some remoter shepherds' cottages—set in a valley with a river, oak-woods at the lower end and pines at the higher, the moors above it lifting to the Grampians, and a wild glen breaking through them northwards. That is the scenery, and for the human interests we have the ways and means, the kirk and market, the humours and the griefs, the spiritual fellowship and lonely struggles of earnest souls, the mutual service and criticism of a simple parish life, where men think and talk as under the bare heaven, without audience or conscious echo. To send a clever boy to college—that is almost the only ambition of the parish; its heroisms are to bear for God's will his early death, or with the doctor (a very fine figure), to spend himself without stint or holiday, and hardly paid for forty years in the cure and relief of pain. There are no villains in the plot, and nothing sensational. From the outer world the only incursions are the "Higher Criticism" with a young and newly-settled minister; a vulgar Englishman on holiday (the single caricature in the book); strangers at the collegian's funeral; a returned prodigal, and the visit of a great surgeon. Two Highland elders, immigrant into Drumtochty, in all the power of Celtic awe and vision, supply a more austere and picturesque religion than the homely farmers of the vale, and lead us into the deeps of spiritual experience.

With these simple scenes and characters this new writer has succeeded in producing some eighteen stories and pictures, the charm and truthfulness of which have already received from the public a wide recognition and gratitude. For myself, I can only say that I have read these pieces in their collected form with the same zest with which I read them first, that I have found their comedy (with perhaps only one or two exceptions) as irresistible, and all their pathos as pure and as moving. They stand the double test of being read aloud. That is to say, in reading them aloud, there is not a page you want to skip for weariness, but there is many a page that your voice breaks down upon. An original humour and a very rare truthfulness—in which they rank with Galt's stories and 'Johnnie Gibb'—are on them all, and nearly all have beauty and distinction.

Goethe has said that in modern life the fairest idyll is the life of a Protestant pastor in a country parish. "Ian Maclaren" does not write of his parish as its pastor, but he does treat his characters with the intimacy, the patience, and the love with which, as Goethe again says, only a true shepherd can write of the men and women of his care. He sees, with a very rare eye, the beauty and honour of common men, and he writes of them as one who has lived with them through the most sacred experiences of man's spirit, and loves them from the bottom of his heart. No reader of this little book can fail to feel that, fine as the art is with which it is written—and the author is a born story-teller—and obvious for the most part as the truthfulness is, it is yet the love that is in it which lends the book its distinction. And this, of course, means that there is no

* 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.' By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

ecclesiasticism. Two rival churches are treated, but with such heartiness for both, and appreciation of the merits of each, that one could not well say to which the author had belonged—though a bold critic might draw an inference from the care and affection with which the inside of the little Free Kirk vestry is painted.

"Ian Maclaren's" heart, however, is wider than for rival kirks. As I have indicated, the Lowland parish of Drumtochty lies on the Highland border. Now no other picture of Scottish life is known to me which shows such equal and such tender appreciation of the complementary, yet often hostile, forces in our religious life. To those who feel the tragedy of misunderstanding that has risen to-day between these, nothing can be more welcome than the story of the reconciliation of the young Free Kirk minister with his Highland elder, Lachlan Campbell, "the Grand Inquisitor of Drumtochty." The way the difficulties are solved by love and truth in this exquisite idyll will make every Scot who loves Scotland bless the author. A patriot could not to-day have served his country better than by such a story. Equally loyal to their visions of the truth, minister and elder quarrelled because while "they argued together, they prayed apart." After months of hostility the minister was moved by the parable of a saintly woman, who understood them both, to make the first advances to reconciliation, by asking his elder's forgiveness. And with quick Celtic courtesy Lachlan replied: "'You hef done a beautiful deed this day, Maister Carmichael; and the grace of God is exceeding abundant in your heart. It iss this man that asks your forgiveness. . . .' They knelt together on the earthen floor of that Highland cottage, the old school and the new, before one Lord, and the only difference in their prayers was that the young man prayed they might keep the faith once delivered unto the saints, while the burden of the old man's prayer was that they might be led into all truth." O si sic omnes! Very beautiful is Lachlan's admission about the young minister's preaching in the days of their estrangement: "No, I will not be saying that John Carmichael does not love Christ, for I have seen the Lord in his sermons like a face through a lattice. Oh yes, and I have felt the fragrance of the myrrh!" Another kind of Celt is painted in Donald Menzies, "a Highland mystic," who takes all the blame of the minister's bad preaching to himself, and as a curse on his sins, and whose struggles with the Evil One are the perplexity of the parish. The comedy here is delightful; but this leads to another point.

It will be seen that "Ian Maclaren" deals with subjects dangerously capable of caricature. And so often have they suffered caricature by such novelists as south of the Tweed are mistakenly recognised as true interpreters of Scottish religious life, that many will approach "Ian Maclaren's" handling of the spiritual experiences of Donald Menzies and others with suspicion. If so, they will be immediately disarmed. Everything is reverential and kindly; the Scots tongue is deliciously true. There is no exaggeration whatever in one of the finest pieces of comedy I have read for many a day. "He's a gude cratur and terrible gifted in prayer," Netherton explained to Burnbrae after a prayer-meeting, when Donald had temporarily abandoned Satan and given himself to autobiography, "but yon wasna a very ceevil way to speak aboot his faither and mither." "A' doot yir imaginin', Netherton. Donald never mentioned his fouk the nicht, and it's no likely he wud in the prayer-meeting." "There's nae imaginin' aboot it; a' heard him wi' ma ain ears say twice, 'My father was an Amorite and my mother a Hittite.' I'll take my aith on it. Noo a' dinna ken Donald's forbears mysel, for he's frae Tayside, but supposin' they were as bad as bad cud be, it's no for him to blacken his ain blood, an' him an Elder." "Toots, Netherton, yir aff it a' thegither. Div ye no see yon's Bible langidge oot o' a Prophet, or maybe Kings, and Donald was usin't in a feegurative capaucity?" "Feegurative or no feegurative, Burnbrae, it disna maitter; it's a peetifu' job howking through the Bible for ill words tae misca' yir fouk wi' afore the public." Nothing in the book is a whit less natural than this. Is not the dialect perfect, and the incident how possible! I was tempted at first reading to think some of the descriptions of preaching a little exaggerated. It did not seem probable that a country minister in his senses should intend a course of sermons on the contribution of Hegel to Christain thought, or should actually give "three sermons on the Hexateuch, treating of the Jehovist and Elohist documents with much learning." But really one ought never to be surprised with anything from a pulpit. Equally startling and sustained irrelevancies have in fact been often committed. What think you of a whole winter of attacks on Strauss and Renan in face of a little collier congregation in the Lothians? The one caricature in the book is that of Mr. Urijah Hopps. I do not like the drawing of him; it is overdone and garish beside the rest.

I have mentioned one of the three longer narratives which make up the bulk of the book, the "Transformation of Lachlan Campbell." The other two are "Domsie," including the going forth and the return to die of the village scholar; and "A Doctor of the Old School." We have had the schoolmaster painted before, though Domsie is very original; but we have never had the heroism of the country doctor's life. Both stories feel to me very near perfection. I judge by the way that I do not think of criticism in reading them, but only feel joy, with relish for their comedy, and tears in my eyes over at least half a dozen passages. There is very little in them that we would wish out. The story is told, not moralised over; we are thrilled with the pathos, not asked to prepare for it.

"His Mother's Sermon" is a piece equal to those just mentioned. "The Cunning Speech of Drumtochty" and "A Wise Woman," though they contain some very funny things, are perhaps on a lower level.

The book is full of pregnant Scots phrases, the whole of which we would willingly decant into this review. But here are some: "If we're tae dee, we're tae dee; an' if we're tae live, we're tae live; but a'll say this for the doctor, that whether yir tae live or dee, he can aye keep up a shairp meisture on the skin." "A shilpit, stuntit, feckless efeegy o' a cratur, fed on tea an' made dushes and pushioned wi' bad air." "Domsie's fair carried, it cowes a'." "It doesna become me to boast, but though I say it as sudna, I hae beeried a' my ain fouk." "Ye can hae little rael pleesure in a merrige," explained our gravedigger, in whom the serious side had been abnormally developed, "for ye never ken hoo it will end; but there's nae risk aboot a beerial."

The whole conversation at the funeral, and some of Mrs. Macfadyen's sayings. "Ian Maclaren" is to be congratulated on his names. Domsie, for the schoolmaster, is very memorable. So is "Bumbee Wullie" for the boy that took to natural history. The farmers' names are irreproachable.

To the dialect there is but one objection to make, and that is that the word Evangel is not used so commonly in Scotland. It is evidently the author's own, and however fit in paragraphs of description, comes in strangely and, to a Scots ear, unbidden in the dialogues of this generation. Is "gied" correct for "gaied"—went? "He begood to dwam in the end of the year" should be "He begood to dwine"; "to dwam" is to faint. "Edinboro'" is unforgivable!

GEORGE ADAM SMITH.

SOME FORMER MEMBERS OF THE GARRICK CLUB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.'

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Gilbert, bookseller, Above Bar, Southampton, we have been allowed to see a very interesting little volume in his possession. It is a list of the members of the Garrick Club, with notes under their names by the author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' Mr. Barham has cut out the names in print, pasted them on to the pages, and added comments in some cases too caustic for publication. We make a few extracts, which will be found of considerable interest:—

ABBOTT, WILLIAM, ESQ.

Of Covent Garden Theatre, a remarkably pleasant and good-humoured man, married a sister of Mr. Kennets, of Dover, with whom he had some property, but lost the greater part of it in a theatrical speculation as manager of the Dublin Theatre. On his afterwards going to France, I, having met him previously at Lord W. Lennox's, gave him an introductory letter to Galignani, through whom he became manager of the English Company at Paris. He afterwards returned to England and took the Victoria Theatre. Failed, and again left England.

ADOLPHUS, JOHN, ESQ., F.S.A., BARRISTER.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Adolphus at the Literary Fund Club, where he afterwards dined as my visitor, and was elected a member on my nomination, but owing to ill-health he withdrew the following year; the same cause prevented his coming much to the Garrick, in the formation of which, however, he took a part, and originated the library by proposing that every member should be requested to give his duplicate dramatic books. He was a man full of anecdote, but occasionally very rude, which made him, though a very eloquent, also a very unpopular member at the Bar, and unquestionably prevented his rising to the highest rank in his profession. He was the author of a continuation of Hume and Smollet, a book of very indifferent pretensions. In early life Mr. Adolphus was a leading member of the Eccentrics, a debating society which met at the Sutherland Arms in Mary's Buildings. In 1837 I again became better acquainted with him, in consequence of meeting him at Bentley's, for whom he was engaged to write the life of John Bannister.

ARNOLD, SAMUEL JAMES, ESQ.

I first met Mr. Arnold at Hawes's several years before the institution of the Garrick, where he was a member of the Committee at the same time with myself. I saw him the morning after his theatre was burnt down, by which he lost £60,000, and never saw a man meet misfortune with so much equanimity. His new theatre, which was raised by subscription, completely failed, and when Osbaldiston took Covent Garden and reduced the prices to 4d. the boxes in 1835, Arnold reduced his to 2d., but this did not succeed, while the property was materially depreciated by the measure. He was one of the leading members of the Beef Steak Club, where he was called the Bishop, and used to say a mock (but not profane) grace in a loose white mitre. The sobriquet by which he was generally known was "Sambo." Latterly he took to drinking spirits and water till he became quite a sot. He was on the Committee from the first, but resigned that and the Club in 1835, soon after which he went abroad from the deranged state of his affairs, and was living at Boulogne in 1837.

BARHAM, THE REV. R. H.

C'est moi.

BARTLEY, GEORGE, ESQ.

An excellent actor and respectable man, whose situation for many years as stage manager of Covent Garden enabled him to lay by a handsome independence. He was not, however, very popular with the profession, many of whom thought he played double part between them and the management. This gave occasion for a joke of Keeley's, who on a person remarking Bartley passing the window, and saying, "There goes Georgium, but not Georgium Sidus," replied, "Yes, it is—Georgium Anyside us." Bartley was originally second waiter at an hotel in Bath, when Neal, who afterwards kept the Plough at Cheltenham, was head waiter. He subsequently married Miss Smith, a very good tragic actress, who in her day was thought the best tragedian after Mrs. Siddons, whom she resembled somewhat in the cast of her features. She was a great friend of Mrs. Roberts, of St. Paul's School, and when I was head boy there, gave me some hints as to speaking my farewell speech. Many years afterwards, in allusion to my performance, she told me that had I gone on the stage I should have made "a very complete villain." Bartley, perhaps from his situation as stage manager, was not a general favourite with the profession; they thought him too time-serving.

BARNARD, SIR A. F., MAJ.-GEN., K.C.B. AND K.C.H.

Col. of the Rifle Brigade, and one of the most finished Gentlemen about the Court of George IV. and William IV., to the latter of whom he was Clerk Marshal of the Household. He was one of the most agreeable men I ever knew, lived when I first became acquainted with him (which I did through Cannon) in the Albany, afterwards in Wilton Crescent. On the death of William IV. he retired from Court and went to Constantinople.

BENTLEY, RICHARD, ESQ.

The publisher, partner and afterwards successor to Colburn in New Burlington Street. He was an old schoolfellow of mine at St. Paul's School, as well as two of his brothers. In 1834 he retired from the Club, but repenting afterward, I got his name reinstated in 1835. In January, 1837, he started his Miscellany, with Charles Dickens (Boz), the author of the 'Pickwick Papers,' for his editor, to which I was one of the first contributors under the signature of Tom Ingoldsby.

BLACKMORE, ROBERT, ESQ.

An attorney in Henrietta Street, C.G. I first knew him as a member of the Committee of the Literary Fund, a most respectable and right thinking, but neither very gentlemanly nor a very pleasant companion. Very fond of playing the orator. He afterwards purchased a situation in the band of Gentlemen Pensioners, and looked in his uniform something between a general officer and a general postman.

COULSON, WALTER, ESQ., BARRISTER.

A Chancery barrister and intimate friend of Brougham's, who, when Ld. Chancellor, employed him in drawing up many of his bills for Parliament. He was the original editor of the *Globe and Traveller*, which situation he continued to fill till a change of politics leading the proprietors of that journal to take a more radical turn than suited his principles, and to abuse his great friend, he resigned. His brother, William Coulson, was an eminent surgeon, first of Charterhouse Square, then of Frederick's Place.

COVENTRY, EARL OF.

Once the notorious Lord Deerhurst. I never saw him in the Club.

CROMBIE, LEWIS, ESQ.

Of Suffolk Street, attorney, afterwards of Aberdeen, where, by the death of his uncle, he succeeded to a very large business and immense property. He was the son of Dr. Crombie, a celebrated schoolmaster at Greenwich, and before he went to Scotland, started several newspapers and publications of different descriptions, among which were the *National Omnibus* and the *Intelligence*—a Sunday paper. Crombie was always an excellent friend of mine, and used to send me whisky and cheese from Scotland. He was also a great friend to the Club, making it a present of his collection of all the theatrical pieces published between 1800 and 1835, which, together with others of an earlier date included in the gift, had cost him nearly £200. They are kept in a press by themselves.

Curtis, Sir William, Bart.

Resigned his situation in the Club, because they gave a dinner to their President, Lord Mulgrave, which he absurdly enough chose to consider a political demonstration; whereas, if there be any politics at all in it, they tend much more to ultra Toryism than Whiggery.

Darby, Elde, Esq.

The brother-in-law of Lord Allen, with whom, however, he was at feud. It was a common remark in the Club that Darby could not be five minutes in the room without talking about at least as many lords, especially Lords Thanet and Lowther. He was much abused by the *Satirist* newspaper, and taxed with having been a Government spy, receiving douceurs from both parties. Darby was educated at the Charter House, and was avowedly a man of profligate habits. Thackeray and Frederick White were in the habit of caricaturing him. He had lived long in France, and in conversation frequently affected to have forgotten his English. A very mild, well-mannered man.

Dawkins, John, Esq

Major Dawkins, of whom Stephen Price once said he was the only amateur actor he ever saw who was worth a salary, but that he would have given *him* thirty shillings a week.

De Prueba Cosio, Don Telesforo.

An excellent, high-spirited, fine old Castilian, the very soul of honour, and good-humoured to a fault. He fled from Spain for his political opinions, having seen his father and brothers and sisters butchered before his eyes. He was the author of several plays and novels, all of which succeeded, and showed talent. In 1834 he returned to Spain, and was for a time secretary to the Cortes, of which he was a member, but his party, that of Martines de las Rosas, losing their short-lived power, he went to Paris on his way back to England, and died there in 1835.

Duncan, James, Esq.

Bookseller and publisher of Paternoster Row, originally, I believe, a foreman of John Murray's, whom I first met at his house in Hunter Street. He became in 1835 a principal shareholder in the *Morning Chronicle*. A parishioner of mine, and with me on the Committee of the Literary Fund.

Duncombe, Thomas S., Esq., M.P.

Feb. 15th, 1833. Mr. Duncombe was behind the scenes at D.L. Theatre, when Mr. Westmacott, the proprietor of the *Age* Sunday paper, came up to him and asked him how he did? "I am surprised, sir, that you should think of addressing me, when you are abusing me constantly in your paper, and I desire that when you do speak to me you will take off your hat." At the same time he himself removed W.'s hat from his head and threw it on the ground. W. drew off his gloves, on which D. clenched his fists and struck him twice on the face, when the persons present interfered and separated the parties. Capt. Polhill came up, and words passed between him and Duncombe on the impropriety of the theatre being made the scene of his quarrels, and an information was lodged at Bow Street that the parties were about to fight a duel, but a reconciliation took place on Mr. D.'s apologising handsomely to Capt. P., on the grounds that the suddenness of Mr. W.'s appearance before him took him by surprise, and made him forget for the moment where he was. On calling at the Garrick the next morning, Duncombe was publicly thanked by Matthews, Planche, and some others for having thrashed his opponent.

Foster, John.

A low scribbler without an atom of talent, and totally unused to the society of gentlemen. He narrowly escaped expulsion from publishing an account of a dinner at the Garrick in a newspaper to which he was a reporter. The committee wrote him a letter on the occasion expressive of their disgust, which would have caused any other man to retire. About a year after he got beastly drunk at the anniversary Club dinner, and was sick in Sergeant Talfourd's pocket. Tom Duncombe got drunk at the same time, but behaved so differently that Poole observed one was the real gentleman drunk, the other the spewrious gentleman drunk. He became subsequently a sort of toady to Sergt. Talfourd and M'Cready, and wrote the theatrical criticisms in the *Examiner*. Poole gave an admirable caricature of him in "Little Pedlington." See *Colburn's Monthly Magazine*, 1837.

Hill, Thomas, Esq.

Better known as Tom Hill. The original of Paul Pry.

Linley, William, Esq.

The brother of the beautiful Mrs. Sheridan, a committee man, died in 1834, when his decease threw a general damp over the society.

Longman, Thomas, Jun., Esq.

Mr. Longman, Jun., of the firm of Longman, Hunt, Rees and Orme, a very gentlemanly young man, quitted the Club on his marriage in 1838.

Mathews, Charles, Esq.

The inimitable comic actor. Died in 1835, when the Club purchased for £1,000 a collection of theatrical pictures which had cost him more than four times the amount. Bentley gave £500 to his widow for materials for his life, and £500 to Hook to edit them, but the latter afterwards gave up his part of the bargain, and Bentley gave Mrs. M. another £100 to do it herself in 1838.

Mills, Francis, Esq.

The founder of the Club. A very good-tempered but flighty man. Lived in Brook Greville's house at Parson's Green, where Dick and I dined with him in 1837, meeting Bewsley, James Smith, and Hook.

Mulgrave, Earl of.

President of the Club. In 1834 he went [as] Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, having previously been Governor of Jamaica, whence he sent the Club a turtle.

Murray, John, Esq.

The celebrated bibliopole, proprietor of the *Quarterly Review*, and publisher of Byron's works.

Reynolds, John Hamilton, Esq.

An old schoolfellow of mine at St. Paul's School. An attorney in Golden Square, author of 'Peter Corcoran' and many other anonymous works of great merit, especially of a paper on Lady Mary W. Montagu in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and sundry papers in the *Athenæum*.

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF HAMPSTEAD.

IV.—"The Heath."

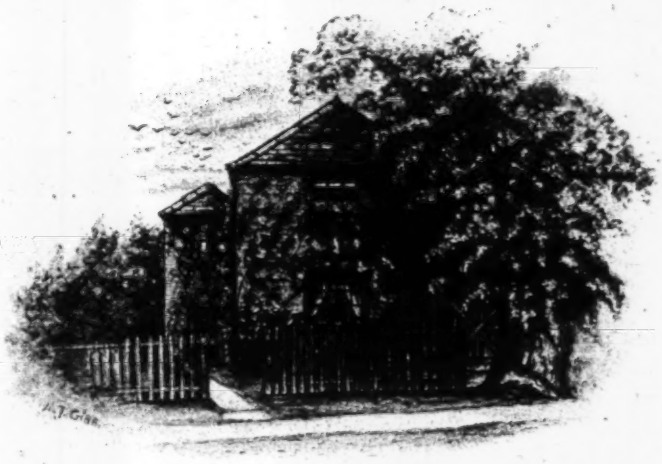
THIS house, now known as "The Heath," is a fine old mansion at the top of Heath Street, with beautiful grounds. It was originally a house of entertainment, known as the Upper Hampstead Bowling Green, and then as the Upper Flask. Under the latter name it is immortalised in 'Clarissa Harlowe.' The "dear fugitive" came by the Hampstead coach, and entered by the very door through which the guests of garden parties in high summer weather flocked into the ancient house and passed up the same broad, easy, old-fashioned staircase, which led in 1689 and earlier, as it leads now, to the room where Clarissa desired to have a dish

THE HEATH.

of tea and be left to herself for half an hour. Richardson himself was a frequent visitor to the Upper Flask at the time when it was greatly resorted to by fashionable people.

After the publication of 'Clarissa,' pilgrimages were made even from the Continent for the purpose of seeing it.

The famous Kit-Cat Club, of which Steele and Pope



WHERE MRS. COVENTRY PATMORE DIED.

were prominent members, met for many years here during the summer months. Sir Richard Blackmore has some lines on the Kit-Cats, of which the following are a specimen:—

> "Or what Apollo-like thou art pleased to lead
> Thy sons to feast on Hampstead's airy head.
> Hampstead, the towering and superior sky,
> Now with Parnassus does in honour vie."

Samuel Stanton, vintner, occupied the house in 1709. His nephew, who succeeded him in 1737, is simply entitled a "gentleman," from which it may be inferred that the Upper Flask had ceased to be a house of entertainment. The sister of Samuel Stanton, jun., married the Earl of Warwick, and the house was left to Lady Charlotte Rich, the only child of the couple. Lady Rich does not seem to have ever resided in the house.

In 1771 George Steevens, the commentator on Shakespeare, came to live here. He collaborated with Dr. Johnson in the production of his edition of Shakespeare, and it is said that he used to rise at one o'clock in the morning and go to town with the Hampstead Watch, "and proceeding without any consideration for the weather or the season, call up the compositor and wake all his devils." Steevens died at Hampstead in 1800, and was buried at Poplar. The next resident in the house was Thomas Shepherd, M.P. for Frome, who resided there till 1845, and is said to have been the last resident in Hampstead to wear a pig-tail. The house is now occupied by Mr. and the Misses Lister.

In this cottage at North End Mrs. Coventry Patmore, the Angel in the House, died in 1862. She spent the last eighteen months of her life there, it being hoped that the bracing air would restore her. An account of Mrs. Patmore was published in The Bookman for October 1892. Through the kindness of her niece, Miss Eliza Orme, LL.B., I am able to give a hitherto unpublished portrait of Mrs. Patmore.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST PRINTERS.

By an Editor.

THE competition between printers is exceedingly severe, and I am assured that the profits in the trade are not what they were. If, however, any firm is to be found which fulfils the modest requirements I am about to state, it is certain that firm will have no reason to complain of bad business. My transactions with printers were, and are, numerous, but I have never met with any firm fulfilling the conditions, nor, after much inquiry, have I ever heard of any one else who has.

(1.) If you give in a prospectus or title-page, or even a book, to any firm of printers, you may be certain that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the first proof you receive is so utterly bad that it requires to be altered from beginning to end. By this I do not mean that there are printers' errors; the grievance is that the matter is not properly arranged and displayed. It takes a great deal of consideration to bring out a prospectus well, to make it at once effective and tasteful. A good title-page, pleasing to the eye, simple, clear and artistic, is an excellent beginning to a book. That also requires care and skill. I need hardly say that the way in which a book is printed, the arrangement and especially the choice of the headline, affect the comfort of the reader very greatly. Now my first complaint is that, as a rule, the editor, or publisher, or author has to make the changes, suggest the types, guide the general arrangement.

THE "ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

He often feels—I have felt a thousand times—that he has not been very successful. What he is sure of is that he has vastly improved the original draft. But is it not unreason-

able that he should be expected to do this? Is it not the work of the printer? Why does not every respectable printing firm retain an artist in their service who will oversee such matters?

I shall be told that publishers, editors, and authors are so lacking in taste that they do not know a good thing when hey see it. Possibly; but they know a bad thing, and my complaint is that they never, or at least very rarely, have offered to them but the very worst. Later on someone in the printing office may come to the rescue, and, between one and another, a tolerable result may be secured. But why should there be such trouble in reaching it? I shall be told also that there are houses where men of genuine artistic feeling preside and where you may rely upon good work. My experience is that these artists are so much run upon that their services are given only to a very few customers. Others have to put up with what they can get, or at most they get what they want after violent recriminations. I ask again, is there any printing house in London or Edinburgh, or anywhere else, where you can rely upon having a well composed prospectus or title-page on the return of the first proof? If I can hear of such a house I think I may promise to put work in its way.

(2.) My second complaint is that, as a rule, the reading is badly done. Things are slightly improving in this respect, but they are still very far from the ideal. One example will suffice. I have had through my hands a book of criticism printed by a firm justly famous for their artistic work. The book deals with a very well-known author, whose works are familiar to all educated people, and to many who are not educated. The manuscript was made very fair copy. The proofs were returned and were found to be full of almost every conceivable blunder. It would have appeared that no attempt had been made to read it, but, on close inspection, it turned out that there was one attempted correction, apparently quite wrong. Every real error the reader had passed by. He was plainly ignorant of the whole subject and had not taken the least pains to inform himself. Such cases are too frequent, but in fairness I must state against them others where the proof reader has been an invaluable ally. I know proof readers who correct Syriac, Arabic, and almost any other language, and, on the whole, I think proofs are better read now than they were ten years ago.

Is it too much to ask that in every printing house of standing there should be engaged one or more artists, and that means should be taken to secure that every book is thoroughly and carefully read by competent men? I pause for a reply.

[We shall of course be glad to print satisfactory replies to this Editor's "Complaint."—Ed. *Bookman*.]

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

VI.—To her Marriage with Darnley.

THE letter which the Lord James wrote to Elizabeth eight days before Mary left France furnishes, in Patrick Fraser Tytler's opinion, "the key to the policy adopted by Mary during the first years of her government"; and "proves that the Lord James was sincerely attached on this subject to the interests of his sister the Queen." After referring to the wonderful conversion of the old enmity between the two nations into reciprocal goodwill, and his earnest desire to see its continuance, he suggested, as a solution of the difficulty between the queens, that Elizabeth's title to the English crown should "remain untouched," both for herself and her issue; that Mary's place should be reserved, as "next in lawful descent of the right line of Henry VII."; and that, in the meantime, "this isle" should be "united in a perpetual friendship." At the same time, he sent a copy of the letter to Cecil, that, if he thought proper, it might be kept back from Elizabeth. The suggestion, however, was not new to Cecil, as is proved by his letter to Throckmorton and by that Ambassador's reply in the preceding July; nor was it new to Elizabeth, if Lethington's statement to the Spanish Ambassador in March, 1562-3, is to be trusted. Indeed, according to Lethington, Mary was influenced by her knowledge of Cecil's favourable reception of this proposal, when she sent for Throckmorton to propose a reconciliation with Elizabeth. Mary's message to her, by the commendator of St. Colme's, was rewarded by the safe-conduct—too late to be used.

Thirteen days after her arrival, Mary despatched Lethington to Elizabeth; but it was neither at this time nor by his hand—as Labanoff avers—that she sent her a diamond cut in the shape of a heart. Besides expressing her good wishes and desire for peace and amity, he negotiated for the declaration of the English succession. Keith suspected that "this unreasonable and precipitant overture" was purposely pressed by those who wished "to foment jealousy, not friendship, between the two queens, and thereby pave the way for the utter overthrow of their Sovereign." But it is now known that the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine were quite as eager as the Lord James and Lethington to carry out the compromise. Elizabeth, not enraptured by the proposal, told Lethington that no prince had ever been asked to declare his heir-apparent in his own time. Herries and Camden represent her as saying that she might as well carry her winding-sheet before her eyes, or make her grave before she died.

Mewtas was at once sent to Scotland to demand—what Mary had so long evaded—the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh. Mary suggested that commissioners should meet and treat anew. Elizabeth preferred private communications by Randolph or letters to herself. Mary afterwards pointed out that the Treaty was prejudicial to her title and interest, and that in it a matter of such consequence was "wrappit up in obscure termis;" but professed her willingness to perform everything in it which could be reasonably required of her; or rather to enter into a new treaty in favour of Elizabeth and her lawful issue, if her own interest in the succession were properly secured. In the vain hope of achieving a personal interview, many letters passed between the queens, presents and kindly wishes were interchanged. Lethington was again despatched to the English Court, articles were drawn for meeting that summer (1562), arrangements were partly made for the journey, when it was delayed for a year by Elizabeth, on the plea of the troubles in France; and, as is well known, it never took place.

Although it speedily became apparent, to Knox at least, that Mary would not be "content to hear the preaching," yet the Lord James hoped that the obedience of her subjects would lead her to allow their doctrine, and heartily to embrace it; and Maitland thought that Elizabeth "would be able to do much with her in religion," if once they were familiar. Both Randolph and Maitland believed that she would not give up the mass until she had spoken with Elizabeth, "that it might seem rather that she doth it on such reasons and perswasions as the Queen's Majestie will use unto her, than to be forced thereunto by her people." The Scotch Papists, too, believed that the meeting of the queens boded them no good; and stormed because they feared the mass would be overthrown. It was even reported that the Cardinal of Lorraine had advised his niece to embrace the religion of England—a rumour not particularly gratifying to the Scotch preachers, as they deemed the English Reformation far from perfect. Mr. Skelton's statement, however, is too sweeping, when he asserts that Maitland "expresses the utmost confidence that were the queens to meet a religious accord might be brought about," and that "the wary Randolph" was "quite as sanguine of a successful issue."

Mr. Skelton is still further from the mark when he says: "'The Queen,' Throckmorton wrote soon after her arrival, 'quietly tolerates the reformed religion, who is thought to be no more devout towards Rome than for the contentation of her uncles.' This was the common impression, and it appears to have been well grounded." Now, the letter here quoted was written not by Throckmorton, but by Cecil; and it was written not "soon after," but almost ten months "after her arrival." It was addressed to Challoner—the English Ambassador at the Spanish Court—after Throckmorton, in his dread of the Spanish marriage, had desired Cecil so to work "that it may appear that the Queen of Scots will become a Protestant." It is questionable therefore whether it reflects Cecil's real opinion; and it certainly does not convey "the common impression" of the time. Only nine days later Randolph writes that he himself, the Lord James (then Earl of Mar), and many others lamented with their nearts that there was so little appearance of her being easily induced to alter her mind in religion.

As Mr. Skelton says, "if any one in Scotland knew what Mary's real sentiments were, Maitland did;" but Randolph did not believe that Maitland, or any Scotchman, really knew the purport of De Gouda's visit—"for she keeps well her counsel." Nor was he quite so unsuspicious of her frank address and seeming simplicity as Mr. Skelton represents him. To Cecil he wrote that her affection to Elizabeth "was never greater towards any, or else it is the deepest dissembled and covered that ever was." On the supposition that Cecil wrote to Challoner in good faith, and that "acute observers," "like Maitland and Randolph and Throckmorton," firmly believed all that Mr. Skelton thinks they believed, it is still possible, as he admits, that "she may have deceived them;" and in the light of such documents as De Gouda's report, and her own letter to Pius the Fourth, many will have no doubt in the matter, despite Mr. Skelton's opinion that "the charge of inveterate bad faith . . . cannot be substantiated."

Mr. Skelton holds that Mary was deterred from becoming a Protestant by Knox's narrowness, superstition, and fierce intolerance. Had space permitted, this theory might have been examined—perhaps exploded. In the meantime, it must suffice to give two specimens of his mode of dealing with the Scotch Kirk and its leading Reformer. The Confession of 1560, he says, "hung together with logical tenacity;" and, as "the conclusion," at which its compilers arrived, he quotes the words: "And therefore we utterly abhor the blasphemy of them that affirm that men who live according to equity and justice shall be saved." A startling proposition truly as thus given, but he has stopped short without finishing the sentence—"what religion soever they have professed." Again, he says that Knox "did not regard any approach to friendliness between the queens with favour." Yet Randolph—"this wary and watchful observer," as he calls him—in writing to Cecil in December 1562, speaks of Knox's "good affection to England, and his great travail to unite the hearts of the princes and people of these two realms." Greater precision and less prejudice might have been expected in Mr. Skelton's 'Maitland of Lethington,' especially as he has transferred bodily whole pages of that brilliantly written work to his more recent 'Mary Stuart;' but both books are as much distinguished by loose quotation and biassed statement as by their beauty of style.

Mary was a year in Scotland before she set out on her progress to Inverness—"a terrible journey," in Randolph's opinion, "both for horse and men, the country is so poor and victuals so scarce." When she reached Old Aberdeen at the end of August he complained of the journey as "cumbersome, painful, and marvellous long," and of the weather as "extreme foul and cold." A few days later he was amazed at her mirth and fearlessness—"she repenteth nothing, but (when the lords and others at Inverness came in the morning from the watch) that she was not a man to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or to walk on the causeway with a jack and knapschalle, a Glasgow buckler, and a broadsword." In returning she stayed nine—by no means uneventful—weeks in Aberdeen. It was during this expedition that the Lord James received the earldom of Murray, and that Huntly met his death. Lesley's narrative of the proceedings (as printed by Forbes-Leith) is, in several important respects, inconsistent with Herries' account and Randolph's statements.

Immediately after her return to Edinburgh, in November, 1562, Mary "fell acquaynted with a newe dysease" then common in the Scottish metropolis, and there known as "the Newe Acquaintance." It "passed also throughe her whole Courte, nether sparinge lorde, ladie, nor damoysell, not so muche as ether Frenche or Englishe." From Randolph's description of the symptoms and effects, it seems to have been near akin to the influenza, now only too well known. Almost at the same time the spoils of her northern progress were brought to Leith. In one vessel was Huntly's corpse, rudely embalmed that it might be arraigned for treason, in her presence, at the bar of Parliament. The other vessel contained her share of the pillage of Strathbogie, among which were some of the ornaments and vestments of Aberdeen Cathedral, committed to Huntly's keeping in the turmoil of the Reformation. The later history of some of the items, as traced by Joseph Robertson

shows that six pieces of the tapestry sufficed to hang the chamber in which Darnley was murdered at Kirk-of-Field; that a cloth of state of satin, figured with gold, afterwards served her in her prison at Lochleven; and that the vestments, which she gave to Bothwell some seven weeks after Darnley's death, may have been made from the cloth of gold which Bruce found in the English tents at Bannockburn.

According to the 'Report' sent by the Jesuit priests in Scotland to Clement VIII., "no greater wound" could have been inflicted on Scotland than the overthrow of the Huntly family, by which "the power of the Catholics" was so weakened that "heresy made wide inroads even in the northern districts." "The only remedy which seemed to remain" was "the marriage of the Queen with some powerful Catholic prince, who could restore the exhausted energies of the Church;" and, the 'Report' continues, "the effort was made to do this by all possible ways and means." Fully sixteen months after Huntly's death, Mary assured Randolph that the remembrance of her late husband was so fresh in her mind that she could not think of another, that her years were not so many that she could not abide, and that she was neither sought nor desired of any. The Ambassador "seemed" to believe her. Causin says that she "began, after the space of five years, to think of a second husband."

The numerous marriage projects, however, did not originate in Huntly's overthrow; nor did they require such incitements as Hepburn's infamous insult or Chatelar's reckless attempts. As mentioned before, the speculations began ere Francis died. And very soon after his death, the projects began to take definite shape. It would be utterly impossible in such papers as these to give even the outlines of the many schemes and their various phases. Some of the rumours and proposals were strange enough, some were short-lived, some were revived again and again.

When the death of Francis became known in the Spanish Court, some thought that the French would seek to match Mary with his brother Charles, the boy King; others, with one of her uncles, the Prior of St. John; some talked of the Prince of Spain; others remembered the King of Denmark, and the new King of Sweden. In the French Court, some had already talked of the Prince of Spain, some of the Duke of Austria, others of the Earl of Arran. Nearly four years later, Throckmorton said that the Cardinal of Lorraine had carried Spain in his right hand, and Austria in his left. Poor Arran, once the hope of the Protestants, offered to Elizabeth, scorned by Mary, imprisoned and crazy, was again regarded by Catharine de Medicis, less than a year before the Darnley marriage, as a suitable husband for her daughter-in-law, in the hope that he would change his religion and revenge himself on Murray. At that time Mary's uncles were most earnest for the young Duke of Guise. A few weeks before, on the rumoured death of the Queen of Spain, it was believed in the French Court that Philip himself would marry the Queen of Scots. Had the rumour proved true, it is possible that he, who had been willing to marry Elizabeth for the sake of religion, would not have looked coldly on her northern rival.

Morette, on his way back from Scotland, in January, 1561-2, was able to tell the Spanish Ambassador in London that Mary was determined to marry very highly, and was thinking of Don Carlos. Lethington afterwards pointed out to Quadra the advantages of such a match, and led him to believe that the Scotch Protestants would not object. Raulet assured him that Murray was extremely desirous of it. With such a match the English Catholics would have been delighted, and many of them only too ready to upset the Reformation in both countries. Philip, while satisfied with the match between the Archduke Charles and Mary, which the Emperor regarded as certain, was quite willing that Quadra should open negotiations; but insisted on the greatest secresy being maintained, "as all the benefit to be derived from the affair depends absolutely upon nothing being heard of it until it is an accomplished fact." Fourteen months later (August 1564), Philip instructed his Ambassador that the proposal for this marriage must be considered at an end.

Mary's marriage to Don Carlos, or any strong foreign Prince, was as distasteful as hazardous to Elizabeth. The Duke of Guise knew well that he was using a powerful argument, when he urged upon Throckmorton that, if Elizabeth agreed to Lethington's succession scheme, Mary would not marry without consulting her.

When Randolph proposed Elizabeth's favourite, her beloved Lord Robert, in marriage to Mary, the offer was not refused with disdain. Almost a year later—after dancing a "galiarde" with Darnley—she still professed that it was better to be guided by Elizabeth than led by her own fancy or ordered by her subjects. The somewhat favourable impression at first made by Darnley in Scotland was of the most transient nature; but when at length Mary fully set her affections upon him, all attempts to dissuade her from a marriage, which some of the Protestants had long feared, proved unavailing. The displeasure of Elizabeth, the tact of Throckmorton and Randolph, the counsel of Murray, were all in vain. The approval of France was speedily obtained. Philip, too, was satisfied, knowing that Darnley's parents were "good Catholics" and his "affectionate servitors;" and promised that, if his advice were followed, he would aid them at the proper time in asserting their double claim on the English throne. Mary desired nothing so much—so at least her Master of Requests told De Silva—as to be under Philip's protection, and would follow his orders "in all things, without swerving a hair's breadth."

On the evening of Saturday the 28th of July, 1565, Darnley was proclaimed King; and next day they were married—Mary having "upon her backe the greate mourninge gowne of blacke, with the greate wyde mourninge hoode, not unlyke unto that which she wore the dolefull day of the buriall of her housbande." All the lords who were in Edinburgh were present on Monday, when Darnley was again proclaimed King; but no man so much as said "Amen," except his father, who cried aloud—"God save his Grace!"

D. Hay Fleming.

NEW BOOKS.

'THE EBB TIDE.'*

'The Ebb Tide.' Auspicious title! Too long the tide has been ebbing, and perchance this volume subsides in low water. Now we may hope that the tide will turn, and flowing strong and blithe, hurry us once more under stooping skies, between perilous rocks, through crested breakers to the havens of delight. Many a time had we voyaged thus in the old days with Mr. Stevenson for our trusty pilot and we his trustful passengers. Granted that among his crew he always contrived to ship some terrible ruffians, they were at least picturesque and interesting ruffians, and aboard we never failed to find many shipmates to like and one or two to love. But of late he invites us to join him—and how can we refuse?—on no brisk yacht or gallant pirate, but on some convict hulks of squalid wickedness, where all are bad and well nigh bad alike. Of dangers and hair-breadth escapes there is no lack, but they do not thrill; they only baffle. We chafe to see how often the devil is cheated of his due; each peril past is hailed not with a sigh of relief, but a howl of disappointment; and when at last the land appears where we part company with the sorry crew we find we have arrived—just nowhere at all.

In this later manner we have already had 'The Wrecker' and the short story called the 'Beach of Falesa.' The former had a highly complicated plot, but strangely reduplicated and ill-jointed. This error has been avoided in 'The Ebb Tide,' which runs in a perfectly straight and pellucid course. The division of the book into two parts, the "Trio" and the "Quartette," is trivial and meaningless, unless indeed, it is intended to mark the point where Mr. Osbourne's work ceases to preponderate. Already some one has confidently ascribed the whole of the second part to Mr. Stevenson. True, it exhibits his inimitable mastery of rapid and momentous action, and has certain peculiar shortcomings which equally betray his hand, but whether they be his or not there are finer touches and profounder glimpses to be traced in the first part. To discriminate more closely is neither seemly nor profitable.

We first meet the Trio on the beach at Papeete, starving, homeless outcasts. Davis is a burly, drunken, disgraced Yankee skipper, who had fled from justice after sinking his ship and crew in a drinking bout. We are told that "he had sterling qualities of tenderness and resolution; he was one whose hand you could take without a blush." I cannot think it. He may be natural and consistent enough, but he is a consistent ruffian. Pathos and genuine pathos, he has at command, but it is used, as in the scene where he tempts Herrick, in his own sordid interests. His vices are something more than *les défauts de ses qualités*. Brute courage, masterful energy, and cheery kindness of a sort are his, for he is a Yankee skipper. Nor is he without scruples—but what scruples? The fossilized relics of a New England Puritan schooling—a blasphemous parody of religion; add to this the superstition of the sailor and the brigand, which shrinks from crime only when it assumes an unfamiliar or unorthodox form. Thus though he cheats, robs, and murders with a few oratorical qualms, it costs him a good deal to consent to the vitriol throwing—but he does consent. In spite of his fatherly tenderness towards Herrick, he decides to assassinate him the moment he finds him in his way. The poor Kanakas are of course mere worms beneath his heel. His motives throughout are greed of gold and sensual indulgence, added to the desperation of the hunted criminal. All this is perfectly natural, perfectly consistent, but wholly repulsive. The redeeming features are supplied by what is called pathos, and that, of course, in connection with the celebrated "domestic affections," on which Barnes Newcome lectured. Davis does it very well indeed. One cannot help sympathizing with the old ruffian's visions of felicity when he shall have escaped to England with his plunder. "He saw his boys marching in the procession of a school with gowns on, an usher marshalling them, and reading as he walked in a great book." An English gowned school, seen long ago, had struck him as "high class and tony." "He was installed in a villa, semi-detached; the name Rosemore, on the gate-posts. In a chair on the gravel walk, he seemed to sit smoking a cigar, a blue ribbon in his buttonhole, victor over himself and circumstances. He saw the parlour with red curtains and shells on the mantlepiece—and with the fine inconsistency of visions, mixed a grog at the mahogany table before he turned in." There is more than the eloquence of desperation in his appeal to Herrick to join the plot. "Say yes, and I'll make the little ones pray for you every night on their bended knees. 'God bless Mr. Herrick!' that's what they'll say, one after the other, the old girl sitting there holding stakes at the foot of the bed, and the damned little innocents' . . . . he broke off. 'I don't often rip out about the kids,' he said; 'but when I do, there's something fetches loose.'" Later on it came out that the "little Adar" he often talked of was a dead child who half survived in his fancy. "No, sir. She's dead. Died of a bowel complaint. That was when I was away in the brig *Oregon*. She lies in Portland, Maine. 'Adar, only daughter of Captain John Davis and Mariar his wife, aged five.' I had a doll for her on board. I never took the paper off'n that doll, Herrick; it went down the way it was with the *Sea Ranger*, that day I was damned!" This is powerful, even grim pathos, especially the last sentence. But granted that it is all genuine, and forgetting that among the victims on the *Sea Ranger* was a woman "as hadn't no business to be there either," do the "domestic affections" glorify, or even redeem, these Davises of modern story? To my thinking, not in the very least. Apart from the mere instinctive love, or rather interest of the brute in his mate and his young, they are but an indirect and secondary form of grossest selfishness. To a Davis the home is simply a possession, a kingdom where he reigns undisputed, a temple where he poses as a respectable god, a sphere for his vanity and an investment for his spoils, an Elysium of hypocritical respectability where he wallows in the sensuality of snugness and parental authority. *His* home, *his* wife, *his* boys, *his* dead Adar—all his—and nearly all, himself. Let us not despise the domestic affections, they are about the only hold we have over our Davises; but let us not glorify them. He who invokes a dead Adar, however pathetically, to nerve him in his sordid thefts and treacherous murders is but a brute after all, and a brute Davis is, wholly unredeemed, both in his crimes and in his subsequent conversion, yet so powerfully drawn that he seemed worth unmasking.

The second of the Trio, Huish, is the lowest type of Cockney cad—hog, skunk, and cobra nicely blended—so noisome, that the authors from the first plainly lead him on as a sheep to the slaughter. He, too, is painted with unrelenting fidelity, and his talk recorded with accuracy and profusion. Indeed, the weak point of the story lies in the conversations; we are soon surfeited with the sordid, crafty, and bloodthirsty thoughts and vulgar jargon of the three worthies. Of these the last is Herrick, an interesting variety of a common type in fiction, the broken-down Oxford man. He is not quite successful or consistent, principally because he has to serve more or less as the hero. Yet the study shows some very profound intuitions of character. He would have made an excellent gentleman, possibly a fair professional man. But he had "no consistency or intellectual manhood. Forced to earn a living, he went out as a clerk to New York. His career thenceforth was one of unbroken shame. He did not drink, he was exactly honest, he was never rude to his employers, yet was everywhere discharged. Bringing no interest to his duties, he brought no attention; his day was a tissue of things neglected and things done amiss; and from place to place, and from town to town, he carried the character of one thoroughly incompetent." It is all admirably summed up in his own pregnant confession: "It is my own fault. I know, had I chosen, that I might have done well; and yet I swear to you I tried to choose." This is the key to his action in the subsequent plot. He suffers agonies in always "trying to choose" between conflicting crimes and infamies, but as he rarely does choose, he remains more or less of a pathetic lay figure.

How the Trio stole the ship and at last reached the atoll we must not divulge, but cannot pass over the one bright little spot on Mr. Stevenson's lurid canvas—the three

* 'The Ebb Tide.' By R. L. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. (Heinemann. 6s.)

Kanaka sailors whom Davis bullies and Herrick befriends. Their gratitude is very simple and pretty. "They were kindly, cheery, childish souls. Upon the Sunday each brought his separate Bible—for they were all men of alien speech even to each other—each read, or made believe to read his chapter, Uncle Ned with spectacles on his nose; and they would all join together in the singing of missionary hymns. Shame ran in Herrick's blood to remember what employment he was on, and to see these poor souls—and even Sammy Day, the child of cannibals, in all likelihood a cannibal himself—so faithful to what they knew of good."

The atoll had been depopulated by small-pox—the owner and three servants alone survived to guard the hoard of pearl and shell. How the Trio plot to rob and murder him, and how he circumvents them, shooting one, converting another, and disposing of Herrick we are not quite clear how, is told as Mr. Stevenson alone can tell it. This Attwater, who makes up the Quartette, is but the tentative sketch of a creation. He needed a whole volume for his development, and is therefore rather shadowy, even prodigious. A compound of beach-comber, fine gentleman, cynic, missionary, covenanting fanatic, and desperado, he amazes more than he interests us. In the first place, unless all we have read in Mr. Stevenson and elsewhere about the South Pacific be false, he is simply impossible. We can hardly believe that this giant in body, will, and refinement could vegetate on his tropical pearl fishery among his Kanakas without European society, save for the visits of his partner, and yet retain his inflexible energy, his polished manners, and his power of icy and high-bred sarcasm. Were he possible, he would have been worth more lengthy and finished treatment, and probably would have received it.

The last chapter is less flippant, but as unsatisfactory as was that of 'The Wreckers.' Save that Davis becomes a howling fanatic, which is natural enough, and decides to stay on the island, we cannot make out what becomes of the others. This obscurity is probably due to carelessness, of which we have another very curious instance. It is a little note stuck up on the corner of the fly-leaf, and is meant to teach us the quantity of the word *Farallone*, the name of the ship. It reads thus:—"Note. On the pronunciation of a name very frequently repeated in these pages, the reader may take for a guide:

'It was the schooner *Farallone*.'"

Unless this be a quotation from some well-known poem of which I am disgracefully ignorant, it is clearly no guide at all. Until we know the metre, we have still a choice of six or eight pronunciations of *Farallone*. How much simpler to have just told us how to pronounce it!

Needless to say that the book is rich in splendid description of men and things and actions. About the truest and most original touch refers to Herrick's old pocket Virgil, "which had often consoled him in his hunger." It was not so much the poetry, but "visions of England at least would throng upon the exile's memory: the busy schoolroom, the green playing-fields, holidays at home." The classics are memorials of our schooldays; "so that a phrase of Virgil speaks not so much of Mantua and Augustus, but of English places and the student's own irrevocable youth." Such is the secret of the numerous frowsy pocket Virgils and Horaces of fiction, and the one or two we come across in real life.

Here, not too soon, I must close, and with stifled murmurs. The general reader will probably be well satisfied with 'The Ebb Tide.' He never tires of attempted homicide and agitating perils. I do. They begin to repeat themselves. Even in their first novelty they needed a much-tried hero who could claim our sympathy. It is the old way, and a good way. Every danger thrilled us, every villainy exasperated, as we followed the fortunes of stout David Balfour and that good, brave boy in 'Treasure Island,' and only wished we could just come to their rescue at the nick of time with cudgel and revolver. But for the Quartette, clearly it were better that they should all die than live. Their doom awaits such; why tell us how often and how cleverly they wriggled off the pitchfork? Enough of squalid wickedness in the world, why transplant it into books—at least, into good books? And then the Pacific! the Summer Isles where only man—white man—is vile! Doubtless the contrast is dramatic, awful, humiliating. Accentuate it once, and have done with it! Surely it was not to paint the white ape and satyr that Mr. Stevenson sought the distant main? In his 'Isle of Voices' he peopled the fairest scenes on earth with beauteous, buoyant fancies. Most readers, it seems, saw little in it. They will when they come to study it. What if the million likes to read about villains and cutthroats? Need Mr. Stevenson indulge them? Let others follow—he can afford to lead the mob into the paths of peace and pleasantness. Will he not do so? He will, and must. Sordid crime and sheer wickedness are poor reading—they have wellnigh had their run. But, alas! that I should see the day when, released from the cruel thrall of Prospero, I fly for repose to the homely pages of Sir Walter or the good old Vicar.

Y. Y.

THE STONE AND THE ELIXIR.*

Certain alchemical writers say that the substance left behind in the retort is the philosopher's stone, and the liquid distilled over, the elixir or alkahest; and all are agreed that the stone transmutes everything into gold, while the elixir dissolves everything into nothing, and not a few call them the fixed and the volatile One might take these contraries as symbols of the minds of Brand and Peer Gynt. Peer Gynt lets sheer phantasy take possession of his life, and fill him with the delusion that he is this or that personage, now a hunter, now a troll, now a merchant, now a prophet, until the true Peer Gynt is well-nigh dissolved. Brand, upon the other hand, seeks to rise into an absolute world where there is neither hunter, nor troll, nor merchant, nor prophet, but only God and his laws, and to transmute by the force of his unchanging ideal everything about him into imperishable gold, only to perish amid ice and snow with the cry in his ears, "Die! the earth has no use for thee!" His mistake is not less disastrous, though immeasurably nobler, than the mistake of Peer Gynt, for the children of the earth can only live by compromise, by half measures, and by disobedience to his impassioned appeal:

"Grant you are slaves to pleasure; well,
Be so, from curfew-bell to bell;
Don't be some special thing one minute
And something else the next, by fits!
Whate'er you are be whole soul in it,
Not only piecemeal and in bits!
There's beauty in a true Bacchante;
But in your toper's headache, scanty.
Silenus still is picturesque;
A tippler is the god's grotesque.
Go round the country, do but fling
A watchful glance at folks; you'll see
That every one has learned to be
A little bit of everything.
A little smug (on holy days);
A little true to old-time ways;
A little sensual when he sups—
(His fathers were so in their cups)."

Poetry has ever loved those who are not "piecemeal," and has made of them its Timons and its Lears, but Nature, which is all "piecemeal," has ever cast them out.

Dr. Jæger and Mr. Boyesen will have it that 'Peer Gynt' is a description of what Ibsen believes his countrymen to be, and 'Brand' of what he would have them become, while Mr. Bernard Shaw reads 'Brand' as a satire upon ideals of all kinds. These various readings are but so many proofs that the poem is not an argument, but a work of art; not criticism, but the substance of life; not propaganda, but poetry. Ibsen saw two types underlying all others; he saw everywhere the old duality of the alchemist, the fixed and the volatile, and created two characters to embody them, and having carried each character to its moment of perfect expression, the one amid overwhelming and lifeless snow, the other face to face with the button moulder who would melt him down to make new buttons, new personalities, passed on to fresh creations. It is our business and not his to judge and measure and condemn, for the work of the poet is revelation, and the work of the reader is

* 'Brand.' By Henrick Ibsen. Translated by Edmund Garrett. (Unwin.)

criticism. If he turned aside from his office he would enslave us instead of liberating us, and his work would be as ephemeral as the newspaper, or the last invention.

Ibsen is, however, a man of his age, and to him individual character, instead of being an end in itself, as it was to the Elizabethan dramatist, is but a means for the expression of broad generalisations and classifications, and of the pressure of religion and social life upon the soul; and it is his peculiar glory that he makes us share his interest in these things, and makes them move us as they move him, and yet never sinks the artist in the theorist or the preacher. But because he writes of things of which the theorist makes his theories, the preacher his commandments, he has been caught up by all manner of propagandists, who dream him one of themselves. And because prose is more syllogistic than poetry, and because the theorist and the preacher have devoured the land like the locust, the later and less imaginative though profoundly interesting plays have been acted and expounded to the neglect of the works of his prime, and until two or three years ago neither 'Brand' nor 'Peer Gynt' had been translated. Now, however, we have one, presumably literal though not over poetical, translation of 'Peer Gynt,' and three of 'Brand,' one in prose and two in verse, and have seen a pathetic and incomparable fragment of 'Brand' upon the stage. This last 'Brand' by Mr. Garrett is rather more vigorous than its immediate predecessor by Dr. Herford, and on the whole more satisfactory than Mr. Wilson's prose version. A poem when robbed of its metrical architecture seems vague and rhetorical, just as the best prose if put into rhyme and metre would seem incredibly flat and long drawn out. Prose translations are of infinite use as books of reference, but can never be final. On the other hand, neither Dr. Herford nor Mr. Garrett can claim to have given us a definitive translation, but then definitive translations are even rarer than works of original genius.

W. B. Yeats.

PHILOSOPHY AND DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGION.*

These two volumes contain the Gifford Lectures delivered in Edinburgh in January and February of this year by Dr. Pfleiderer, Professor of Theology at Berlin, and they are full of interest and power, and, in spite of being a translation from German, they are for English readers, at least for such as are trained in metaphysical phraseology, clear and readable: only here and there a few awkward Germanisms remind us that we have not an original work before us.†

But, though readable, the book is not very reviewable; it covers so vast an area. The first volume contains the philosophy of religion, which is defined as "the conviction that the world is God's, and that the course of the world is subservient to the realisation of the divine purpose of good": with a view to this it examines the philosophical conception of God, its historical development in pre-Christian times, the true conception of human nature and of the external world, and the relation which religion bears to morality and to science. Thus far the book is a defence of Theism elaborated with metaphysical power and in a reverent spirit; and with the greater part of it Christians will be in agreement, and will be grateful for its vindication of a rational faith in God as against materialism and positivism. The second volume deals with Christianity, its essence, its records in the New Testament, the subsequent development of its theology, and, as this supplies the most controversial matter, we will confine our criticism to it.

Christianity is treated in it as the highest expression of Natural Religion; all "supernaturalistic otherworldness," all fantastic mythology, all arbitrary miracle, is eliminated from it, and its history is reconstructed in the following fashion.

Jesus of Nazareth was not an isolated miraculous phenomenon, but the way for his work had been prepared by his Jewish environment, especially by the teaching of the prophets; he carried their teaching, however, forward to a new point; he was "the ideal of the Divine man" (I. 68), "the personified idea of man as the child of God" (II. 164), "the union of the divine and human spirit in the religious personality of Jesus is a spiritual fact of such a kind that it is similarly reproduced in the faith of the Christians" (II. 185). His differentiation lay in his absolute trust in God as a Father combined with the missionary desire to treat others as children of God and to make them realise their sonship. In this spirit he drew men back from sin and formed a society of redeemed sons, which constitutes the kingdom of God here upon earth, for although he used the Apocalyptic language of a future coming and a future kingdom, that was mere accommodation to his Jewish environment. In consequence of this teaching, he was put to death, and he never rose again; the disciples, disheartened and perplexed, left Jerusalem, (for all the accounts of appearances there are untrustworthy,) and returned to Galilee; where in the old scenes the presence of their Master became a spiritual reality to them; religious enthusiasm created visions and hallucinations of his bodily appearance; the idea of a future coming in glory sprang up; they strove to imitate their Master in their own lives that they might be prepared to meet Him at that coming, and meanwhile they lived much as other Jews, except that they had a special rite of baptism (as John's disciples also had) and the Agape as a common social meal. Meanwhile the thought of the heavenly glory of their Master, created by their visions, reacted upon their conception of His earthly life, and the stories of the Baptism and Transfiguration were invented to symbolise the Divine Sonship.

Then occurred the conversion of St. Paul, and to him was due the expansion and reconstruction of Christian Theology. He saw that Christ's death was the symbol of that surrender of the lower self by which true spiritual life is won; he saw that such a truth was universally applicable, and so he preached to Jew and Gentile alike the abrogation of the Mosaic law and a righteousness arising from an entire self-surrender to the will of Christ. Further, on the analogy of pagan rites, such as the Eleusinian mysteries, he gave a more mystical meaning to Baptism and the Communion, and under the influence of Philo he identified the heavenly ideal man of Alexandrian Platonism with the Messiah, and so gave rise to the legend about the Virgin birth. Up to this time there had been no written Gospels; there were only oral traditions based upon historical reminiscences, but modified from an early time by adaptation to Messianic ideas, by a literalising interpretation of symbolical language, and by subsequent reflection on the events. The first written Gospel appeared in the Gospel according to St. Mark, written by St. Mark about A.D. 70. About thirty years later came the Gospel according to St. Luke, written by some Hellenistic Paulinist, using St. Luke's materials; and soon after the Gospel according to St. Matthew, having no connection with St. Matthew himself, but representing the neutral unity of the Catholic Church of the second century. For St. Paul's construction of Christian Theology was not felt to be adequate; it was too Jewish in its language about atonement, too little Jewish in its depreciation of the law, and so there arose a modified Paulinism mainly influenced by the teaching of Philo, and represented in the New Testament by the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Fourth Gospel. After the times of the New Testament Christian doctrine was chiefly built up in the Alexandrine School by Clement and Origen, but the subsequent Christological discussions led to the belief in an unreal, miraculous Jesus, which gave rise to monasticism with its depreciation of the value of real human life, and, by reaction, to the attempt to bring the external God near to man by localizing His Presence in particular acts of worship. St. Augustine did much to revivify faith on the basis of personal experience, explaining the divine consciousness by the analogy of the human, and analyzing the facts of human nature; but the stress which he laid on the Church as the home of grace gave rise to hierarchism and scholasticism, and the value which he attached to the human spirit, when once under the operation of grace, led to mysticism. Luther succeeded in throwing off the external authority of the Church and in attaching a spiritual value to the civil power; but much yet remains to

*'Philosophy and Development of Religion.' By O. Pfleiderer. (Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1894.)

† In I. p. 66, l. 23, "quieten"; II. p. 16, l. 8, "fates" are apparently misprints, as "Galilee" clearly is for "Galatia" in II. p. 194, l. 14.

be done by Protestant Theology; the discoveries of science have made the legends of the fall and all belief in miracle impossible, the advance of criticism has compelled an entirely human treatment of the Bible. All magical value in the Sacrament and all externalisation of the Atonement have to be stripped away before Christianity is seen in its true light, *i.e.*, the truth that the individual gains happiness by surrendering his own will to that of God, with the help of the Christian community, which is "the permanent organ for the education of peoples and of individuals," and to which Christ remains ever the inspiring principle, as the typical example of the inner redemption which consists in the lordship of the Divine spirit over the flesh.

This is necessarily a dry summary of a volume which is full of interest, but we hope it is a fair summary, and it is sufficient to show that the position taken is open to criticism in many lines.

It is clear, in the first place, that the documents of the New Testament are dealt with in a free and, indeed, an arbitrary way. The Gospels and the Acts are treated as adequate evidence for some facts, and worthless for others; some of our Lord's sayings in them are rejected altogether, some are treated as being of permanent value, others as only part of the temporary husk which encloses the kernel. This at least may confidently be asserted, that there is no *documentary* support for the reconstruction of the Gospel history which is here given. Professor Pfleiderer would probably admit this, and would doubtless urge that this is a necessary condition for the reconstruction of all ancient history; historical imagination and insight has always to go behind documents, has to use them freely and construct a history which shall commend itself by its own intrinsic rationality as an adequate explanation of the facts. This is quite true, but in such a case the historian is bound to explain how he is treating his documents; much more so in a case like the present where the treatment has not reached scientific certainty, but is, at best, a possible hypothesis. Herein lies the special danger of this book, that it gives a reader untrained in criticism the impression that a number of questions are absolutely finally closed, which every critic knows to be still *sub judice;* nay, in many points like the date of our present Gospels, the existence of prior documents on which they are based, the historical character of the Acts, the influence of Philo upon the Fourth Gospel, the results of modern investigation are in the main adverse to the positions taken up here.

But further, waiving all question of documentary authority, is the explanation of the facts adequate? To our mind it fails almost all along the line. The Jewish environment prepares indeed the way for Jesus, but it does not account for that individual and universal sense of Sonship which marks His teaching; it does not account for the special claims which He makes for Himself to be God's Son in a sense so absolutely unique that the Jewish prophets are contrasted with Him as slaves, or for His claim to judge the world, or to give rest to the weary and heavy-hearted. The theory of visions, again, is inadequate to explain the origin of a religion which has always laid great stress on truth and attached such supreme importance to the body and its eternal destiny. In a word, in spite of a fine protest (I., p. 183) against the modern tendency to under-estimate the significance of personality in history, there is here no true estimate of the attractive and yet awe-imposing personality of the Lord, either as it worked in His earthly life, or as it became the central force of Church life and the life of each individual Christian's life after the Resurrection. The inadequate estimate of the full force of personality indeed is the weak point of the book. It reappears in the estimate of man, where the Fall is explained away, and no account is given of the crucial feeling of remorse; there is no true conception of the power of sin to weaken, distort, misdirect the whole nature of man, so that redemption is explained away as little more than education, and man is regarded as able, with the assistance of the community, to imitate the example of Christ. It reappears again in the conception of God; it would be unjust to say that God is treated only as immanent, but it is true to say that the transcendence is minimized. There is no presentation of the Active Loving Judging Person which lifts the thought of God from the realm of metaphysics into that of religion, and although there is much for which religious minds will be thankful, yet it is essentially the work of a metaphysician rather than a theologian, and of a metaphysician who, when he touches religion, is too much inclined to explain away the material world, as in his treatment of miracle or his treatment of the Lord's Resurrection, as a mere passing illusory symbol of the spiritual.

W. LOCK.

FRANCE OF TO-DAY.*

Miss Betham-Edwards loves France with a practical devotion that is at once British and not British. It is British, perhaps, to love in a mere devoted, practical fashion, and not waste time and breath in sentiment, but it is not British to love France in that way. France has no more ardent lovers than her British ones, but they love her, as a rule, romantically and quite unreasonably, and when it comes to defending her, their enthusiasm is handicapped by their ignorance. Among her reasonable lovers, or at least well-wishers, stands pre-eminent the open-minded Arthur Young, and in his footsteps Miss Betham-Edwards has essayed to walk. Just the kind of information which he gave, modified, of course, by the fact of a century's development, do we find in 'France of To-day,' and there are few better lessons in modern history than what can be learnt from a comparison of the two books.

Hers has been a double purpose. It is first a practical report of the social conditions of the people in the various provinces of France, a description of their wealth, resources, industry, and especially of the state of agriculture. Her qualification for the task is that she has set down only what she has seen with her own eyes, or heard by careful inquiry on the spot, that she has not run over the country like a tourist, but has been a patient, conscientious investigator. And though her French critics have remarked on what they seem to think her trifling prejudices, they have not corrected her facts, and indeed have owned that for them as for us her book is a mine of conveniently arranged information. Her second purpose concerns the tourist or sojourner in France, whose attention she calls to those facts and circumstances about towns and provinces that ordinary guide-books omit, and which would give—especially to unæsthetic tourists, who must be very numerous—just that familiar, vital interest which holidays spent abroad do not always provide.

France means Paris to most of us, and Miss Betham-Edwards vigorously and effectively shows the absurdity of this. It is of provincial France she writes, letting us see a country infinitely varied in landscape, in resources, in language, in sentiment, in character. She is enthusiastic about the benefit of railways, but no railway has broken in more completely on the stagnation of the remoter provinces than have her zeal and fresh information into the ignorance of British travellers who, landing at Calais, shopping in the Rue de Rivoli, and rushing on to Nice, think they know of France all that there is to be known. The social student will find her book convenient to refer to; to the tourist with any aspirations beyond Murray, Baedeker, and Joanne, it will be invaluable for suggestions and guidance. One little incident related may serve as warning as well as suggestion to the foreign visitor to remoter France:—

"I should say that nowhere are life and property safer than in these mountain-hemmed valleys. The landlady of the little hotel at St. Martin du Var assured me that she always left her front door open all night. Nothing had ever happened to alarm her but the invasion of three English ladies at midnight, one of these of gigantic stature and armed with a huge stick. The trio were making a pedestrian journey across country, apparently taking this security for granted. Neither brigands nor burglars could have given the poor woman a greater fright than the untimely appearance of my countrywomen."

Miss Betham-Edwards is hearty in her admiration, very open-minded and fair-minded, for the most part, in her views. Criticisms come, therefore, with the more force from her. She devotes her enthusiasm mostly to the social benefit brought about by peasant proprietorship, and to the peasant as he exists, in favourable conditions, under the system.

* 'France of To-day.' By M. Betham-Edwards. 2 vols. Vol. II. (Rivington, Percival and Co.)

And her insistence on the fact that it is no new system brought in by the Revolution, will not be to very many superfluous. "In some places the number of small holdings has hardly changed from the Middle Ages. . . . In reality about a fourth part of the soil was in the hands of the small owner anteriorly to the Revolution. Within half a century the number of landowners has increased by twenty per cent.; within a hundred years we find it doubled. In 1789 four millions of French subjects possessed the soil; eight millions of freeholders are now entered upon the census." Of the industry, sobriety, and self-respect that result from the system, her observations have left her in no doubt, and her figures are thrown right in the teeth of the statement that it makes intelligent and profitable cultivation of the soil impossible. The question of the peasant gives her an opportunity for being less fair-minded than usual, however. Zola's picture of him in 'La Terre' exasperates her; she declares it glaringly untrue, and she shakes her fist at its author all through the book. If she had been satisfied with denouncing Zola's picture as exaggeratedly gloomy to an extent that makes it absolutely false, nearly every one would have been on her side, but it is too much that she should ignore the prominent fact that the novelist, for all his dark observations, looks to the toiler in the fields as the regenerator of France; the close of the 'Débâcle,' and also 'Docteur Pascal' bear witness to the fact. She is much shocked with her countrymen because they welcomed so detestable a realist, but in truth, by devious paths, he reaches an idealism far more thoroughgoing than hers. His treatment of Lourdes, for instance, is in strange contrast to her own. But there, of course, her Protestantism comes in. What she says of Protestant France is deeply interesting, but her half-expressed regrets that the Reformed Church is not dominant are rather ill-spent; however superior a religion may be, if it does not fit the genius of a people it will never have its full moral hold on them. There is a certain limitation of sympathy in her, in spite of her acknowledgment of the wide differences of race and character to be met with in France. Brittany she now scolds for being backward, and now pats for showing signs of progress. But though that country will be touched, of course, and altered by outside influences, it is peopled by a race who will probably never satisfy the economist. His ambitions do not awaken its enthusiasms; it has its own.

Of the general interest of the book, the variety of its information, and the orderliness of its arrangement, it is impossible to speak too highly. She has a hundred things to say that throw a fresh light on French provincial life, things critical and commendatory. Two picked at haphazard, and having not the remotest connection with each other, give food for abundant reflection, one for our French neighbours, the other for ourselves. "The number of French nuns has tripled since the Revolution." "We may safely aver that there is no subject, technical or scientific, artistic or literary, that young men and women may not acquire in France without a fraction of cost to themselves." Of the country as Miss Betham-Edwards describes it, only a trifling number of English folks have any idea. She has written a book that is not hard to read or understand, and she must surely have succeeded in her generous purpose of making many friends for France among her own countrypeople. G-Y.

WANDERING WORDS.*

A traveller who has had opportunities of seeing Egypt, the Holy Land, India, Japan, the Pacific Islands, and the United States, ample and leisurely opportunities, too, can hardly write a dull book if he have the habit of writing at all, that is, he can hardly write one that will be dull to those who have the capacity for reading travel-books, a capacity not given, by the bye, to every son of our wandering race. Sir Edwin Arnold has written a very bright one, easy to read, quickly changing its scenes and characters, and containing some incidents of real beauty. Yet it is a book that can only be summed up by the uncritical word "queer," and before you get far into it you will perceive a fittingness in its title. The book shows its author for the most part in undress attire; indeed, it is but just to remember that it is made out of popular newspaper articles, many of them written in a confidential familiar strain. Looked at when off-guard its author presents the strangest mixture of the cosmopolite and the man of extreme insular prejudices, of the calm, open-minded looker-on at strange scenes, and the almost abject apologist for things that need no apology at all. Mingling with narratives excellent in style and tone, there are passages that read like a British matron's efforts to be liberal-minded. A certain old-maidishness, indeed, is a prevailing quality, but "An Adventure on the Nile," and "And Not Ashamed" are its chief dwelling-places. Yet here and there it leaves him, leaves him in unexpected places too; and the most vigorous and most enjoyable description from the pen of this poet-traveller is that of the Japanese prize-fighters.

Sir Edwin has put a great deal of himself into the book, though perhaps we might construct an incomplete picture of him from the sentiments he expresses in it. We might be apt to look on him, not as the artist and the cosmopolitan philosopher, but as the typical British *bourgeois*, were we to pay much attention to such a description as this—"Grace did, indeed, come back in May as beautiful as any low-born and uneducated angel could look." Venus! What have been the pedigrees and the mental culture of the beauties that have fired many and many a time a thousand—hearts? Or to this, *apropos* of contentment with the circumstances allotted to you by Providence; but is he joking?—"Is it not true . . . that in all ranks and under all circumstances people can train and form their temperaments as easily as they can make a scarlet-runner climb upon strings?" It may, at least, be gathered from these samples, that the Wandering Words, if bright, varied, and lively, are not always very wise. Yet they contain one story so beautiful in itself, and told with such restraint and power, that it raises the book at once to a high level of worth—the story of Sita, in the chapter entitled "At an Indian Christmas Tide." I would place it above any of the writer's metrical poems.

It was very good-natured of Sir Edwin to allow an amateur to illustrate such a big handsome book, but though Mr. Ben Boothby can draw a telescope and a landscape passably, he cannot draw a human being nor any part of a human being.

* 'Wandering Words.' By Sir Edwin Arnold. 18s. (Longmans.)

TRILBY.*

"Hélas! je sais un chant d'amour,
Triste et gai tour à tour!"

So does Mr. Du Maurier warn us of the changing complexion of his story. There is even more than mirth and sadness in it; there is acute pain at times; and yet, somehow, perhaps from the sunshine of the writer's mind, the impression to be carried away from 'Trilby' is not varied or contradictory, but of one soft and desirable colour. 'Trilby' is a pleasant story; its pleasantness is of so rare and gracious a kind as to be a very high quality indeed. At the end we feel inclined to think that London and Paris in the early sixties must have been much more desirable places than in the early nineties, that the world was simpler and better and more delightfully sentimental and light-hearted when Thackeray and Dickens were still alive, and men were proud to wear "Piccadilly weepers." But the fact is we are looking at the epoch which was Mr. Du Maurier's golden age, the time of his youth, and we catch his enthusiasm. He has painted it lovingly and mirthfully, and while I am not going to compare his pictures of the Quartier to Murger's, which, have in their particular sphere, attained to immortality, they are probably a good deal more truthful, as they are certainly more innocent. Taffy and the Laird and Little Billee may not attain immortality, but their comradeship is nearly as good a thing to read about as anything spun into the best of recent novels. "The Laird and Little Billee would see Taffy safe to the door of his *hôtel garni* in the Rue de Seine, where they would find much to say to each other before they said good-night—so much that Taffy and Little Billee would see the Laird safe to *his* door in the Place Anatole des Arts. And then a discussion would arise between Taffy and the Laird on the immortality

* 'Trilby.' By George Du Maurier. 3 vols. (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.)

of the soul, let us say, or the exact meaning of the word 'gentleman,' or the relative merits of Dickens and Thackeray, or some such recondite and quite unhackneyed theme, and Taffy and the Laird would escort Little Billee to *his* door in the Place de l'Odéon, and he would re-escort them both back again, and so on till any hour you please." Of companionship in less sober moods there is some talk, too, and the prig is not born who will look very reprovingly on that Christmas feast when the *sergents de ville*, requesting the guests to consider the peace of the neighbourhood, were induced to join them, and became the most festive of all, the night when the gentle, innocent Little Billee swore eternal, tearful friendship to the aristocratic *rapins* Zouzou and Dodor, and made his memorable joke about the cary*hat*ide. Those who would fain revive for a while the glamour of the Quartier must read 'Trilby,' which keeps much of the old sunshine and charm.

But about Trilby herself. I confess she is less fascinating to me than are the harum-scarum Bohemians of the other sex, this *blanchisseuse* of the lovely feet, who eventually develops into the greatest singer of the world. Her later story strikes one not merely as improbable—that might have been got over—but imperfectly conceived. Happily so; had it been otherwise, the book would have lost its particular grace of pleasantness. As it is, the real pain of the situation—a poor mesmerised creature storming a world by talents which she is all unconscious of, and which are dependent on the will of a rascally genius—is not realised. But the early *camaraderie* of this half-Irish, half-Scotch young beauty is pretty enough, and it was only the highly fastidious Little Billee who did not find a bizarre charm in her monstrous French, in which, for instance, she explains why she has turned rag-picker—

"Mais-z-oui! mon bon! Dame! pas d' veine hier soir! t'as bien vu! Dans la dêche jusqu'aux omoplates, mon pauv' caporal-sous-off.! nom d'un canon—faut bien vivre, s' pas?" But of the Trilby whom the young genius loved, for lack of whom his heart died, and by whom it revived once more only to break at her death, Mr. Du Maurier does not, I think, give us a very clear conception. She is an unrealised dream. He has done something perhaps as difficult in presenting with such delicacy and truth the painter, William Bagot, with the frail body, the uncontrolled nerves, the pure nature, and the clear genius.

Of studio fun, of youthful ideals, and youthful rowdyism, and youthful friendship, "Trilby" is a mine of reminiscence. It is more than that. There is a sunny, mellow wisdom and charity about it, a refinement and a common sense, that warm a reader's heart and make him swear friendship with the writer in almost exuberant *Quartier* fashion. "Triste et gai tour à tour," it may be, but it is not a story of disillusions. There is romance in it from the first word to the last. G-Y.

THE FIRST DIVORCE OF HENRY VIII.*

Dr. Gasquet has edited this posthumous work of the late Mrs. Hope, which she left behind finished, but unrevised. In his Introduction he corrects her on two points, first on the popular exaggeration as to the acquiescence of Convocation in the title of "Supreme Head," and secondly on the attitude which Fisher assumed in the dispute. On both points he is probably right; indeed, too much stress has been laid on what was at the time regarded as pretty much a matter of phraseology. Mrs. Hope's book will naturally be compared with Mr. Froude's on the same subject. Both have a certain value and a certain disadvantage. In the first place, it is highly convenient to have the long series of intrigues and negotiations which protracted the divorce for seven years disentangled from the other threads of the history. Here it must be owned that Mrs. Hope has excelled her rival in the accuracy of her details and in her rigorous abstention from rhetoric or extraneous matter. On the other hand, she loses more than Professor Froude from the historical point of view, though both fail to give the full, or even the right bearings of the subject. This was inevitable. The Divorce was only a single department—at one moment important, at others quite secondary—in what was about the most infernal, yet after all the most beneficial scheme which the Devil ever carried through on this poor earth. We must seek elsewhere for the causes which induced a free people to assist almost in silence at the orgy of tyranny, vice and hypocrisy which we call the Blessed Reformation. The Protestant legend of our nursery days, fantastic beyond the dreams of the Bollandist, is now finally exploded. Pious Henry and his immaculate Anne are now materialised as a bloated ruffian and his snappish, vulgar, scheming, *blasée* courtesan. A viler adventuress than she never borrowed her manners from France and her principles from a still worse place. With a Bullen for her father, and for her mother one of the least respectable of the upstart Howards, she had certain pretensions to ladyhood, but in the days of her triumph she never attained even the level of the Pompadour or the Du Barry—in feeling a mere crowned scullion-wench, in principles a Becky Sharp of coarser and less attractive mould. When at last in her desperate anxiety to avert her fate by producing a male heir she reverted to wholesale profligacy she sealed her own doom, and the story of her fall and execution must be delicious reading for every sound-hearted British matron. In splendid contrast to this nauseous female stands the Martyr Queen, who deserves all the chivalrous pity and enthusiasm which the English have preferred to lavish on Marie Antoinette. The child of the great Isabella, the possible heiress to the crowns of Spain and the Indies, the darling of the Catholic Church and of the English people, she was insulted, persecuted, and trampled to death by the tyrant and his gang, and history has passed her by as a querulous, too womanly woman. Her one offence is that she was not a Protestant. But nevertheless she was a lady of high spirit, of unswerving principle, of sincere piety, of eminent parts, a wise counsellor, a faithful friend, a true wife, a devoted mother, and a good queen. Trace her conduct in the State Papers, not in partisan histories, throughout her trying ordeal, and in no single instance will you find her falter in dignity, prudence, and tact, save perhaps in her exaggerated estimate of wifely submission. And what says still more for her, she was the only woman Henry respected, probably the only one he ever loved. Her one mistake was her premature death. That Henry ever married Anne at all I do not believe, though no doubt spurious certificates were ready to be produced on the birth of a Prince of Wales. When the hope of a male heir had grown faint Henry, who was heartily sick of the divorce complications, would probably have turned Anne off and returned to his wife, as indeed he once seriously contemplated doing. The Queen's death was therefore a turning point in the history. Mrs. Hope has traced very clearly the domestic side of the story, but naturally she fails to make the formal negotiations with the Holy See and the foreign courts lively reading. Yet her tone is admirable. With the late Mr. Brewer and Mr. Gairdner as her guides she relies on facts instead of invective, even against the tyrant and Wolsey, his evil genius and corrupter. Her attempt to whitewash the Holy Father is a hopeless failure. Granted that Clement was an amiable, well-meaning man, that his feelings were touched by the Queen's sorrows, his moral sense outraged by this attack on the sanctity of marriage, and that he felt the awful responsibility of a decision which either way might ruin the Church. But we must regard him not as a man but as a pope, and as such his chicanery, his shuffling and his servility were disgusting. Nothing but the notorious rapacity and corruption of the Papal tribunal could have emboldened Henry to contrive the divorce plot, which was unconsciously Machiavellian. For seven years Europe looked on while the Pope was playing fast and loose with the moral law. No doubt his difficulties were vast, but not insurmountable. Had Clement at once, say in January, 1528, called up the case to Rome without exciting Henry's suspicions, and without delay confirmed the marriage with an imposing salute of anathemas, his position would probably have been impregnable. He would have gained the confidence of the Emperor, and the respect of the German Reformers who were espousing Katharine's cause, nor would Francis have cared to annoy Charles and oblige Henry at the cost of general unpopularity. As for Henry, his hands would have been tied. Had he then attempted to

*'The First Divorce of Henry VIII., as told in the State Papers.' By Mrs. Hope. (Kegan Paul and Co.)

degrade Katharine, the people would have risen and swept him away. Anne after reigning as *maîtresse en titre* for a year or two would have been discarded. As it was, the Pope gave him time to prepare the master-stroke by gradually corrupting the Church and the people. Y. Y.

A COMMON STORY.*

The preface which Mr. Gosse has written for this novel of singular interest is full of controversy, into which it becomes no one who is not a well-read student of Russian literature and Russian modern history to enter. Gontcharoff was the subject of much argument in his life-time, and his English introducer has quoted largely from his Russian critics, who seemed to have been much exercised as to whether the excellent writer was a prophet, or only a mere artist. The argument on the question was a symptom of the time he lived in; the fervent spirits were more in need of prophets than of artists, and would have put up with some prosiness, doubtless, if it had addressed itself directly to their particular difficulties, or spoken in set words to their souls. Other times, other needs. Some ages put up more easily with "mere artists." But though Mr. Gosse's quotations are interesting, only a very few readers in England will be able to judge fairly of the question at issue. This is the first chance, to most, of making acquaintance with Gontcharoff at all; how far his other work would modify the opinion of him formed by reading this book, in England we have no means of knowing. But in the meanwhile we have 'A Common Story' before us, and of its merits and its interest we are given a good chance of judging, for Mrs. Garnett's seems to be an excellent translation; at least it is written in good and vigorous English.

There is something grand and pictorial about Tolstoi's work which is not to be found here. Gontcharoff is a searcher of hearts evidently, rather than a dramatist, and as such has more resemblance to Turgenieff. But, again, he is less analytic, in his outward methods at least, than Turgenieff; less melancholy on the surface, and more bantering. In short, there is distinct individuality in his tone and manner, and it is best to consider him merely as himself. In 'A Common Story' he has done a rare enough thing, created two human types which are also living human beings with personalities of their own. Whoever does this may be said to have genius. Alexandr, one of the heroes, is in the beginning a delightful boy, guileless, poetical, sensitive, and with love for and belief in all mankind; selfish enough, but never sordidly so, and about as unfit to make his way in a rough world as a babe. Yet he expects all from this same world, which surely cannot be less generous to him than are his feelings towards it. His love-making is fiery, clamorous, and, of course, meant for eternity, but his constancy is hardly equal to his fervour. Never was there such an agitated young soul, one so determined that life should be glorious, no matter how uncomfortable. Poetical literature, in his opinion, provides the only career for one of his temperament, but, alas! his uncle uses those verses for covering a screen that he doesn't throw into the fire, finding work for his aspiring pen, however, in writing articles for an agricultural journal on manure and potato starch. Piotr Ivanitch, the uncle, is just as strongly marked. Hard, reasonable, industrious, with no illusions, undemonstrative, shrinking from demonstration, ruthless towards his nephew's extravagances, and an apostle of the religion of success, he is yet a man of heart, of brains, and of worth. He is no Gradgrind, and a reader's sympathies will be with him many a time in the course of the story. At least, he is excellent company, especially with Alexandr as a foil, and the altercations between them, the elder man's desperate efforts to restrain the younger's overflowing affection and put cold blankets on the ecstasies of his soul, are described with the keenest humour. Alexandr's career is what his earlier temperament has dictated, a failure from beginning to end; and first railing at and then neglecting a world he has never taken pains to understand, he returns to his mother and his estate, and in the quiet he slowly learns a little wisdom.

Some years after he had left St. Petersburg he wrote to his uncle's wife, as romantic as his former self, in these terms—"Don't be afraid of my return; you will see not a raving enthusiast, nor a sentimentalist, nor a disillusioned cynic, nor a provincial, but simply a man such as there are many more in Petersburg, and such as I ought long ago to have become. . . . And I look forward to a brighter future; the most painful part is past; my passions I do not dread, for few of them are left. . . . Soon I shall say, How fair a thing is life! But I shall say it, not as a boy praising the pleasures of the moment, but with a full knowledge of its true pleasures and pains." And so on in the same admirable strain. But, alas! life in the capital with the passions quenched and enthusiasm damped, and worldly ambitions roused, has but one ending for a man of talents and opportunities. Alexandr made a large income, and gained a wife with a fortune, and congratulated himself upon it and upon the disappearance of the last vestige of the sentimentality of his youth. For the first time his uncle embraced him. "Alexandr," he said proudly and solemnly, "you are my blood, you are an Adonev!" The ruling spirit must out in Piotr Ivanitch, but he, too, has come to find that he has made terrible mistakes that are to cost him dear. Fortune smiles on him, honours are ready for his taking, but business, position, everything, he has to give up, because the wife to whom he had behaved with even kindness and respect is dying of "a colourless and empty life." He will be a wanderer with her, and will not whine over his sacrifice, but she will never respond to any show of warm affection from him because she will not believe in it. Piotr Ivanitch's story will wake none the less sympathy that it is not quite such "a common story" as the hardening of the young sentimentalist into a cynic.

Gontcharoff has no comments to make, no side to espouse. He tells the story vivaciously, with grace, and art, and humour. He does not wear his heart upon his sleeve, but of his pity for poor, wayward, disappointed, incapable, human nature, you will never have a doubt. And, full of this conviction, you will turn back to Mr. Gosse's preface, and feel it is within your power to contradict one statement in his otherwise sympathetic criticism, the statement that says Gontcharoff is no poet.

* 'A Common Story.' By Ivan Gontcharoff. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. (Heinemann's International Library.)

NOVEL NOTES.

TRISTRAM SHANDY. By Laurence Sterne. Edited by George Saintsbury. Illustrated by E. J. Wheeler. 3 vols. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

'Tristram Shandy' in three volumes is the first instalment of a new and very charming edition of Sterne in six. The text is that of the ten-volume edition of 1781, with the restoration of Sterne's original divisions of the book, and a few other revisions which the carelessness of former editors has made necessary. Those who know Messrs. Dent's other issues may be assured that type, shape, and general sightliness have been looked to with care and taste. It is indeed a most desirable edition, though the pictures fall below the level of one's desires. Mr. Saintsbury has done his part with conscience and with distinction. We do not all read the prefaces by which literary gentlemen of to-day introduce the literary gentlemen of yesterday, because experience has taught us that it is often not worth while. But Mr. Saintsbury's introduction should not be omitted. It is a charming essay, written in a truthful spirit, and with its sympathy and antipathy fairly and proportionately balanced. What he calls "our exuberant nescience in things Sternian," he has not been able to light up with much new information, of course, but his criticism is fresh, and above all things honest and wholesome. He is not a whole-hearted Sternian, because he finds too many things in him that are incompatible with a manly humour. Indeed, on Sterne's literary side the approval is a little meagre, his genius was perhaps greater and profounder than this critic will allow. He enjoys Sterne, however, with a fine

discriminating relish, but keeps his head cool, and will not make apologies for him. He lets him bear the brunt of his offences, but will exaggerate nothing. The conclusion comes, therefore, not as a mere expression of amiability but as the reasoned dispassionate judgment of a fine-tempered critic. "Considering the delightful books here once more presented, I think we may consent to forgive the faults which, after all, were mainly his own business, for the merits by which we so largely benefit, and for which he reaped no over-bounteous guerdon."

A HUSBAND OF NO IMPORTANCE. By Rita. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

GEORGE MANDEVILLE'S HUSBAND. By C. E. Raimond. Pioneer Series. (Heinemann.)

'Rita' is a writer of popular novels. Her signature is doubtless meant as an attraction in a list of pseudonyms, which at first were supposed to veil unknown and untried authors. Yet even judged by the standard of the amateur contributors to the Library, and there have been some, her story is a failure. In it she figures in a character unbecoming to her, as a satirist; but she hardly knows what she is satirising, and neither her mind nor her style is quite sharp-pointed enough for this fascinating kind of literature. Doubtless she will go back after this attempt to her own and more amiable department, and be again successful. With C. E. Raimund we make a first acquaintance, which can hardly fail to be renewed ere long, for he, or to state our inferences candidly, she, has talents which must force recognition. We have no desire to bid her quit satire, for which she has a pretty gift, but would only beg she would give her victims more fair play, treat them a little less savagely, and not drive her readers headlong to take sides against her. The books have been placed together because they have practically the same motive—the satirisation of what is known as the Modern Women, the literary type of such, and the canonisation of that saintly and apparently much understood person, the Modern Husband. Both are probably meant to be frankly reactionary in tone, and even readers of more forward views and aspirations, if they have any sanity in their minds, will bear them no grudge for that, but will recognise that the so-called reactionary side has at least some sound truth and gives an outlet for wholesome humour. Both have the look of having been written in earnest, as contributions to a problem whose importance dates from a time when it was not fashionable and will outlast its vogue; but help in the solution of, or even towards the right attitude to be taken up in considering, the problem, will neither be found in the clever one nor in the one that is not describable by that term. The New Woman advocates will perhaps infer from them that the champions of their cause had best be persons of brains, good conduct, and unexceptionable toilette; nothing more is to be learned. In 'George Mandeville's Husband' there is too much temper shown, and the situation is lop-sided. The central figure, the literary woman, is made loathsome; her obtuse, selfish, false, affectionless nature and her disagreeable habits and appearance are insisted on and revelled in. The retiring, sensitive, artistic husband the author would have us look on as a saint, and in sympathetic circumstances he would doubtless have appeared as an interesting and likeable person. But neglected and ignored by his wife, he sulked, and he showed plainly that in the particular contest which nature had alloted him he was a poor thing. Persons of his constitution are invariably so treated to some extent, and 'George Mandeville' was not exceptional in her attitude, only in the degree of her brutality. The rarest human being in the whole world is the man or woman who is no bully at heart, and who will never take advantage of modesty or devotion or self-effacement; and when you have reached that rarest of human beings you are with the saints. George Mandeville's husband was therefore not a victim of the Modern Woman, but of the infirmities of vulgar human nature. But regarded apart from its purpose, it is with gratitude we acknowledge that a writer of very rare ability and force has shown herself in C. E. Raimund. There is nothing slipshod about her work. She writes with conciseness, energy and vividness, and in some of the scenes between the father and daughter there is promise of something even better than satire. 'Rita' has invented a similar situation, only her Modern Woman, Mrs. Hex Rashleigh, is a noble, if mistaken, person. She writes novels of world-wide fame, is nothing if not intellectual, contributes to the *Fortnightly*, and her mind soars in lofty spheres. Unfortunately she never opens her mouth except to say something vulgar, or commonplace, or uneducated, or silly. 'Rita' has committed a common mistake; she has found her models in one circle of society and of culture, and she has, without personal transformation, tried to give them the surroundings of another. There are a good many absurdities of circumstances in the story, but perhaps the biggest is the description of a certain literary and artistic society to which all the nobodies crowded, and in which even the great ones made an appearance. Where, in exclusive England, is its local habitation? The Husband of No Importance is very like George Mandeville's, only a little more shadowy. And he worships the wife who snubs him, though at the secret midnight hours he writes a play of genius to tell the world once and for all—it wrings his heart that to him the part should fall—that the Modern Woman is all wrong. 'Rita' attempts a good deal of cheap satire at society in general, and if some of the things are too little permanent to be deserving of satire at all, there is little harm done. But in the name of good taste, her readers must protest against the gibes, both vulgar and indiscriminate, directed at her Hebrew fellow-citizens.

ROMANCES OF THE OLD SERAGLIO. By H. N. Crellin. Illustrated by S. L. Wood. (Chatto and Windus.)

The author of 'Tales of the Caliphs' does not soon exhaust his invention of Eastern stories. The new ones are very entertaining, taken up in the fitting mood. He has not attempted to catch the Oriental magnificence of tone, and he has made no superficial imitation of the style of the 'Arabian Nights' like Mr. Stevenson, in order to give his modern wit a grotesque setting. He tells his stories simply and very briefly. They are about cruel sultans, and high-minded sultans, and beautiful sultanas, and treacherous sultanas, tyrannical viziers, witty barbers, about crime and love, beauty, plots, softness and luxury, with the executioner's sword never long out of sight. They are good stories, told with considerable vigour, notably 'A Harem Tragedy' and 'The Sultan's Fate.'. But in this plain English version, robbed of their Oriental tone, we feel the brutality of the incidents a great deal more than we do when they are presented to us in native dress.

ONE FAIR DAUGHTER. Her Story. By Frank Frankfort Moore. 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Frankfort Moore has written as audacious a novel as has ever appeared in modern England. Most readers of any discrimination will have very mixed feelings with regard to it. Yet some, without any prudery, may fling the book down with emphatic disgust without taking time to acknowledge its abilities at all, and they will be mostly sane-minded persons. It is not big enough to create a storm—there is nothing big in it—and it will, therefore, be saved from the protests that have been levelled against better books. It is a satire, but there is more cynicism in it than satire, and, whatever its purpose, a more reckless story it would be impossible to find. Nor would it be easy to meet one equally able with so many faults of taste. In the central character—a Becky Sharp, without her fascination, regarding her from the reader's point of view, and with a lower morality, a Becky whom Thackeray was too human and too learned in human nature ever to have made—he has shown the calculating woman in a loathsome guise, seeming almost to dance with a ferocious joy as she falls lower and lower. As we have said, books with far less wickedness in them, with far more intolerance of wickedness, have caused many a hubbub, but then, in justice to the public that has made the hubbub, they have been books of great imagination or earnestness or some other sympathetic quality that has stirred interest and taken hold of hearts. It should be said, however, that in Mr. Moore's presentation of ugly human nature he is perfectly frank and above-board; he has no underground, sneaking ways of dealing with it. And he does not spare it or sentimentalise over it. It is the flippancy of his satire, otherwise his cynicism, that lowers the tone of his book. Besides painting a conscienceless woman, with nothing human about her save her passions, Mr. Moore sets himself the task of lashing the Society into which the woman

made such efforts to enter, a Society with one big craze a year—for Slumming, the Submerged Tenth, the Divorce Court, Cowboys, or Skirt Dancing. Here he is at his best, but his best it must be said is mixed with and marred by a very unnecessary amount of vulgarity. Philippa entered it in the Introspector's year, when the young women of society had just discovered their souls. "The soul of a young woman was a problem, we were told, and, so far as could be gathered, it was not a fitting companion for a young woman; it usually led her astray just when every one fancied that she was getting accustomed to it, and that it was keeping her straight. It was very fascinating to young women to feel that they had Problem Souls concealed somewhere about them; and when they read of all the other young women who had suffered, not through any will of their own, but simply because of these Problem Souls, they began to think very highly of themselves, and to sneer at men who had no Problem souls, but only those of the most ordinary construction, that ground out the one old tune until everybody had become tired of it." . . .

This is good, and there is no lack of good things in this clever and vivacious novel. But 'One Fair Daughter' is, nevertheless, the ugliest story we have read for a very long time, and Mr. Frankfort Moore must gain weight and learn sympathy before he can be tolerated as a satirist. Bitterness and flippancy don't mate well.

AT MARKET VALUE. By Grant Allen. 2 vols. 10s. (Chatto and Windus.)

'At Market Value' is the pleasantest and the ablest story Mr. Grant Allen has given us for a long time. Readable it is in an eminent degree. Nobody knows better than Mr. Allen what are the motives and situations which nine-tenths of novel readers in their secret hearts desire, and nobody knows better how to work into these popular and commonplace motives and situations unconventional but very wholesome morals; only he doesn't always make use of his knowledge. Mr. Allen has two programmes of reform. One he uses in his militant articles, and may not, dare not, or at least, does not, introduce into his fiction at all. But the other, mainly concerned with the lesser moralities, is everywhere in his stories, and a very healthy influence it is, for it means a perpetual appeal to generosity, a plea for simplicity of living, and an attempt to scatter vulgar prejudices. No novel is commonplace that is imbued with a morality so far beyond our common every-day practice, as 'At Market Value' and some of its elder brothers. But the elements dear to the average sentimental heart are not ignored. There is a peer, of course, to play the central part. Mr. Allen's democratic conscience, however, asserts itself, and forbids an idle luxurious person the post of a hero. So the peer has voluntarily to give up his estates, go to sea as a common sailor, in order that he may get to know his 'market value.' But a common sailor would never have won the fastidious heroine's heart, so the ex-peer mariner has to become an artist, too—when will artist lovers go out?—till he is disabled in an accident, and finds a new career in writing (typewriting) successful novels. He never claims his own high historic name, nor his coronet, nor his rents, and the young lady who has been made a democrat in the school of love is better content to be the wife of a novelist than a countess. The Quixotic hero is not the best drawn character in the book. Far better are the downright, generous American artist, the worldly fashionable Canon—a very pretty bit of satire—and the heroine's young brother who wears magnificent attire bought out of his sister's earnings, and lectures her on her dowdiness. If the story be full enough of absurdity, there is enough of vigour in the telling of it, of goodnature and goodfeeling in its sentiments, to make us feel only grateful and amiable towards it at its close. But why does Mr. Allen call the very literal brotherhood of Newlyn "impressionists"? Mr. Stanhope Forbes has not deserved to be so misunderstood.

THE WINGS OF ICARUS. By Laurence Alma Tadema.

Miss Alma Tadema has chosen a form for her story which has its advantages for an untried writer. It is told in letters and a journal. Thus it is not necessary to have numerous *dramatis personæ*, and it is fitting there should be always one central figure, one principal mind and voice. A trembling hand might well choose this less complicated form for a first essay in fiction. Not that Miss Alma Tadema's hand trembles; she writes well and gracefully, and with a pretty pathos, which, if it often borders on the sentimental, hardly ever actually reaches it. She has written a book of very considerable promise, promise of good, quiet, genuine work. As yet vivacity is wanting, and what narrative power she may possess there is little chance of finding out from 'The Wings of Icarus.' Emilia is a heroine of advanced ideas, who is much exercised whether she should assert these or not in her conventional circle. She is a brave and attractive little soul, but we like her better in her letters to her frivolous friend than in her journal. Making acquaintance with an eccentric young poet—his household, by-the-bye, is delightfully described—she falls in love with him, and he with her in his quiet, dreamy way. And they marry, though she has found out that her frivolous friend has stolen his heart. The frivolous friend, after causing much mischief, comes to her senses—or loses them. "She was found towards evening, many miles from Miltonhoe, on the banks of the Avon. Gabriel and I had been up and down the land all day following her traces. When we heard that she was found, we parted."

There is a great deal of youthfulness in this tale of woe, but there is distinct talent, too, and we have confidence that the authoress will soon gain the solidity and vigour of conception which is as yet a little lacking in her work. Already she can express herself admirably.

LOURDES. By Emile Zola. Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)

About the English version of M. Zola's deeply interesting and deeply human book, it may be said that it gives so good an idea of the force and the beauty of the beautiful passages of the original that little is lost by not reading it in French. Mr. Vizetelly has made a reliable and a literary translation. The preface is mainly occupied with quotations from M. Zola concerning the intentions and methods of the novel, and his observations at Lourdes. The clergy are still attacking him for the doubt he has thrown on the miracles, but they owe him much for the invariable respect with which he treats the whole subject. In no instance, he says, was he "able to discover any real proof for or against the miraculous nature of the cure." No one would really corroborate Clémentine Trouvé's (Sophie's) story. "Yet the little girl did not look like a liar, and I believe that she was fully convinced of the miraculous nature of her cure. It is the facts themselves which lie. Lourdes, the Grotto, the cures, the miracles, are, indeed, the creation of that need of the Lie . . . . which is a characteristic of human nature."

A RISING STAR. By D. Christie Murray, 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

Like nearly every story of Mr. Christie Murray's, 'A Rising Star' is bright, readable, and sympathetic. But it falls far below his best work in construction or in probability. A well-conducted, but indefinite and uninteresting hero, is to blame for this. Though he lives on almost nothing a week to support an aged mother and bring up a stray child who has appealed to him for protection, though from being a mere humble reporter he becomes a playwright of genius, though he does a great many interesting and meritorious things, he is always a nobody in himself, almost as much so as the virtuous little provincial actress, Miss Gingestra Brown, otherwise Jing, who for all the frivolity of her name, was a model of the proprieties. The real personage of the story is Esther Reddy, who escapes from a cruel home, finds protection in the good Mark, and a career suggested to her by the theatrical Brown household. Mr. Murray has seen her very vividly, with her beauty, and fascination, and vivacity, her worldly wisdom, and her cold, scheming, heartless nature. Though his hero, Mark Stanley, has not amused us, we are glad he is saved from her for the less fascinating but more reliable Jing. Most of the minor personages are admirably painted. If Mr. Bonnington Wilstrop be caricature, he is very good caricature. '"I tell you what, dear boy,"' he says to Mark, the poor struggling reporter, whose play he has just passed off as his own, 'arranging his cuffs with a little flourish which might have been natural in a shy man who desired to perform a benevolent action, "we ought to do something for this little waif. Hang it all, you know, dear boy, we don't

light upon a child like this, who's seven miles away from home, and doesn't know her way back again, and leave her as we found her. D—n it, my dear Stanley, we are not barbarians! We are not Red Indians! We've hearts within our bosoms. Take charge of her, dear boy. Take charge of her."' And Mark stretches his little earnings a little more, and takes charge of her, and Mr. Bonnington Wilstrop feels the warm glow of benevolence in his heart. He is made distinctly after a Dickens pattern, as are a good many of the other personages. And a good pattern, too, it seems, after a long desertion of it.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

A HANDBOOK OF ORNAMENT. By F. S. Meyer. Second English Edition. Revised by Hugh Stannus. 12s. 6d. (Batsford.)

Professor Meyer's 'Handbook' is well known and much valued, but for the sake of the students of design who may not yet have made its acquaintance each new edition of it should receive more than a bare acknowledgment. There is no English book that treats the subject so comprehensively, or in so systematic a fashion. Every technical school should have several copies in its library, for its matter concerns the artistic education of the architect, the metal-worker, the cabinet-maker, and the jeweller. It is already recognised as a most convenient text-book for classes and supplement to lectures on design, and even those who are preparing for no art or craft will find it a valuable aid in an unprofessional artistic education. Its three hundred plates with its three thousand illustrations, are clearly printed and on the whole admirably chosen, but teachers, by the bye, should also possess the author's "Ornamentale Formenlehre" with the same plates on a size two and a half times their size here. The choice of examples is not in every case perfect. For instance, Professor Meyer would seem to have culled from Renascence art more sympathetically than from Gothic. And one more criticism we would venture to make—the examples of Celtic design are very meagre, and not such as to give the faintest idea of its riches or interest. But the serious omissions of beautiful and characteristic types of ornament in stone, wood or metal, are not many, and the varied illustrations include among other things columns, capitals, crockets, gargoyles, vases, ecclesiastical and domestic furniture, swords, helmets, necklaces, heraldic designs and alphabets. Not the least valuable feature of the book is its orderliness of arrangement.

ANNIE BESANT. An Autobiography. Illustrated. (Unwin).

Mrs. Besant has revealed something besides the facts of her life, and revealed it more clearly; indeed, these same facts, so far as the latter part of her career is concerned, at least, are a little wanting in definiteness. She has made plain the particular quality of her mind and temperament, sometimes consciously and sometimes possibly unconsciously, in an exceedingly interesting fashion. Mrs. Besant's opinions and career do not concern us, else we might be inclined to seriously quarrel with the book for speaking so vaguely of the reasons that led her to forsake straightforward, useful, rational public work for a service which she helps us not at all to understand. But even this hiatus does not greatly hinder the exposition of character. She shows us a mind and a temperament rare at least in the intensity by which its qualities are marked. A love for dogma, or at least for a programme, a need for it, an incapability of being satisfied with vague sympathies and aspirations, a determination to join openly and aid with full strength any cause believed in, are joined to a downright honesty in the donning and doffing of creeds and convictions that is rare indeed. Reason may play tricks with her, but conscience will not. The romantic, even sentimental, vein in which much of the book is written, might well have been assumed to convince critics of her career that she was not as fearsome and inhuman as she has been represented, but the romance and the sentiment are realities, proved by the beliefs and visions of her intensely religious girlhood, and by the dreams which are her solace now. From a social and psychological point of view the book is of much interest.

BILL NYE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Illustrated by F. Opper. (Chatto and Windus.)

For those who find human history not quite funny enough when told in dignified solemn phrases—though these are generally the best setting to the humour of the events—Bill Nye may be recommended. The fine farcical style of the beginning is not kept up throughout. "Too much cannot be said of the heroism of Queen Isabella and the courage of her convictions. A man would have said, under such circumstances, that there would be no sense in discovering a place that was not popular. Why discover a place when it is so far out of the way? Why discover a country with no improvements? Why discover a country that is so far from the railroad? Why discover, at great expense, an entirely new country?" Sometimes the chronicler has to descend to dry and unjoked-on facts. But on the whole the peculiarly American high farcical tone is maintained with fair consistency, and is made occasionally palatable to those who have not acquired a taste for it by a mixture of shrewd and pithy sentiments.

MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Era of Expansion. 1750-1850. By J. Macmillan Brown. (Whitcombe and Tombs.)

This manual, written for the students of Canterbury College, New Zealand, is fittingly devoted to an era of expansion. It is the most expansive book one could find outside imaginative literature, if indeed it fall outside. 'Manual' suggests something useful perhaps, but merely business-like, arid, and unattractive. This one is a long burst of enthusiasm and eloquence. Its author seems to take his readers to his heart, and the era too. The particular era on which he has bestowed his affections was a remarkable one, we had always heard; but never till now had we imagined how mean and poverty-stricken had been all the previous ages and intellectual efforts of mankind. All that is interesting in literature and thought, in life, in fact, seems to have been born in this blessed era, or had a new birth of such splendour as to make the former ones of little consequence. We gather that love, if not discovered between 1750 and 1850, had at least been a corpse for a long time; while we infer that, so far as all the greatest qualities of the soul, whatever they may be, are concerned, the "Republic" and the "Utopia" were poor things compared with the efforts of Godwin, and perhaps Tom Paine. Professor Macmillan Brown is like an orator whose burning euthusiasm makes him stammer. His English stammers occasionally, and his printer has made strange blunders, and we are not always sure what it is he means to say. But such a book, falling into the hands of a very young and impressionable student, might well light a fire of genuine interest in modern literature and a sympathy with generous ideas. Only he should have some cold-blooded guide as well, to pull his sleeve and analyse the worth of the chaotic emotions suggested to him.

THE PORTFOLIO Monographs on Artistic Subjects. Edited by P. G. Hamerton. 2s. 6d. each. (Seeley.)

These monographs, though they deal with their subjects only from a pictorial standpoint, demand at least a brief notice even in a literary journal. The accounts of the life and works of the artists dealt with have been in nearly every case excellent—Rossetti, Frederick Walker, and Gainsborough are specially good. And the reproduction of the pictures, which are the *raison d'être* of the monographs, if it varies in quality, deserves high commendation on the whole. How much more satisfactory is a publication like the Portfolio, in its present form, than the *pot pourri* of an ordinary art magazine!

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS as John Bunyan wrote it. With an Introduction by Dr. John Brown. (Elliot Stock.)

This is a reprint of the first edition published in 1678, which readers who think they know their 'Pilgrim's Progress' would do well to examine. The many modern variations are not by any means always improvements, and, besides, there is a distinct interest in gaining a nearer idea

of what the book looked like to Bunyan himself. The very modern lettering on the back is the only fault we have to find with the way in which the reprint has been sent out. Dr. Brown supplies a valuable preface, mainly bibliographical, in which some controverted questions are carefully examined and probably finally settled.

SCOTS MINSTRELSIE. A National Monument of Scottish Song. Edited and Arranged by John Greig, M.A., Mus.Doc. Vol. 6. (Jack, Edinburgh.)

The sixth volume of this valuable and delightful collection is marked by some of the faults of the previous ones. There have been admitted to it a few songs far below the general level, and deserving no such honourable place and setting as have been given them there. Sad to say, these are all very modern. The shocking oleograph frontispiece obstinately appears, really doing an injury to a book that has very considerable artistic merits in type and arrangement. Otherwise there can be nothing but praise. The setting, if occasionally a little over-elaborate, is good and harmonious, and the notes, musical and literary, are interesting. Volume VI. contains a large number of favourites, and it has drawn more largely on Highland melodies. That in only a few cases are the modern words to these passable, is not the editor's fault. The collection is on the whole an excellent one; there is no better existing.

S. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL and Old City Life. By W. Sparrow Simpson, D.D., F.S.A. (Elliot Stock.)

This book completes Dr. Simpson's history. To his two former volumes, 'Chapters in the History of Old St. Paul's' and 'Gleanings from Old St. Paul's,' the present is a valuable supplement. It covers a great deal of ground interesting to the antiquarian, the student of history, and even to the mere good citizen. An account of the Treasury of the Cathedral in 1245 and 1402 is followed by some intelligently selected extracts from old records which show how very closely was the cathedral connected with the daily life of the city. Some recently discovered manuscript statutes compiled by Dean Colet on the Chantry Priests are the subject of another chapter, while in an account of the Hermits and Anchorites in London there is much curious information. Dr. Simpson has skilfully used his opportunities for bringing together a rarely interesting collection of records and documents, and his arrangement of these is so systematic and clear as to make the book easy of reference. It is a most valuable contribution, not only to the history of St. Paul's, but also to our knowledge of ecclesiastical customs, and of very special interest to citizens of London.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Anecdota Oxoniensia: Hibernica Minora, Fragment of an Old Irish Treatise on the Psalter, ed. K. Meyer, 7/6 Clarendon Press

Anecdota Oxoniensia: The Elucidarium and other Tracts in Welsh, A.D. 1346, edited by J. M. Jones and J. Rhys, 21/- Clarendon Press

Bourdillon, Rev. F.—Householder's Treasure of Things New and Old, 2/6 ..... R.T.S.

Calderwood, H.—Vocabulary of Philosophy and Students' Text-Book of Reference, 10/6 ..... Griffin

Cowan, Professor H.—Landmarks of Church History. Guild Text-Books, 6d. net ..... A. & C. Black

[*This should have a circulation far beyond the members of Church Guilds. In a wonderfully small space Professor Cowan has succeeded in telling the story of the Christian Church from the Apostolic age to the Reformation. The little handbook is clear, accurate, and readable.*]

Dyer, Rev. A. S.—Psalm Mosaics, Commentary on the Psalms, 10/6 Stock

Expository Times, The, ed. by Rev. J. Hastings, Vol. 5, 7/6 T. & T. Clark.

Fifty-two Lessons for Teachers on Church Truths; on the Gospels, by a Clergyman, 2/- each net ..... Simpkin

Gill, Rev. W. W.—From Darkness to Light in Polynesia, 6/- R.T.S.

Horwill, H. W.—The Old Gospel in the New Era, 2/6.. S. Marshall

[*Sermons preached in the Bible Christian Church, Stonehouse, Devon.*]

Oracles, The, ascribed to Matthew by Papias of Hierapolis, a Contribution to the Criticism of the New Testament, 6/- Longmans

Prynne, G. R.—The Truth and Reality of Eucharistic Sacrifice, 3/6 Longmans

Sacred Books of the East: Vol. 36, The Questions of King Milinda, trans. by Rhys Davids, part 2, 12/6.... Clarendon Press

Seward, T. F.—The School of Life, Divine Providence in the Light of Modern Science, etc., 6/- ..... Bagster

Simple Words to a Communicants' Class, by Eirene, 2/-..... Masters

Watson, Rev. R. A.—Book of Numbers, 7/6 (Expositor's Bible, 7th Series) ..... Hodder & Stoughton

FICTION.

Adamson, J. R.—The Young Guv'nor, 2/-..... Stoneman

Allen, G.—At Market Value, 2 vols., 10/- ..... Chatto

[*See p.* 27.]

Andom, R.—We Three and Troddles, 3/6.....Tylston & Edwards

Barr, R.—The Face and the Mask, 3/6 ..... Hutchinson

Barrett, F.—The Justification of Andrew Lebrun, 6/-.. Heinemann

Barrington, Mrs. R.—Helen's Ordeal, 6/- .. Osgood and McIlvaine

Batson, Mrs. S.—Adam the Gardener, 3 vols., 31/6 Hurst & Blackett

Beamish, J. S.—The Brave Saxon, 2/6.....Simpkin

Black, W.—Highland Cousins, 6/- ..... Sampson, Low

Blackmore, R. D.—Perlycross, a Tale of the Western Hills, 6/- Sampson, Low

Borlase, S.—Stirring Tales of Colonial Adventure, 3/6 ..... Warne

Bramston, M.—Their Father's Wrong, 2/6 ..... Nat. Soc.

Bridge, A.—Roundheads and Cavaliers, or the Pretty Puritan, 3/6 G. Bell

Burch, F. E.—Josh Jobson, or "Pards," 2/- .....R.T.S.

Cameron, Mrs. L.—A Sister's Sin, 2/-..... White

Carey, R. N.—Little Miss Muffet, 3/6..... R.T.S.

Clarke, C.—An Artist's Fate, 6/-..... Stock

[*A pretty love story. The best scenes are laid in Denmark.*]

Couperus, L.—Eline Vere, translated by J. Green, 2/- Chapman & Hall

Crawley-Boevey, S. M.—Conscience Makes the Martyr, 1/- Arrowsmith

[*A story of humble life written with considerable vigour.*]

Crellin, H. N.—Romances of the Old Seraglio, 3/6..... Chatto

[*See p.* 26.]

Debenham, M. H.—The Mavis and the Merlin, 2/- ..... Nat. Soc.

Edwardes, Mrs.—The Adventuress, 6/-..... Bentley

Elliot Malcolm's Chronicle, the Story of a Scotch Lassie, 2/6 ..R.T.S.

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Filleul, M.—Ellen Tremaine, or the Poem without an Ending, 2/6 R.T.S.

Gontcharoff, I.—A Common Story, a Novel, 2/6..... Heinemann

[*See p.* 25.]

Green Carnation, The, 2/6 net.....Heinemann

Hornung, E. W.—The Unbidden Guest, 6/-..... Longmans

Hutcheson, M.—Bruno the Conscript, 3/6..... Hutchinson

Harte, Bret.—Complete Works, Vol. 8, 6/- ..... Chatto

Jocelyn, Mrs. R.—Pamela's Honeymoon, 2/6.....Hutchinson

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Margaret's Choice, by the author of 'Lost Cities brought to Light,' 2/6 R.T.S.

Millington, Rev. T. S.—Through Fire and Through Water, 3/6; True as Steel, 2/6..... R.T.S.

Monk, T.—An Altar of Earth, 2/6 ..... Heinemann

Murray, D. C.—A Rising Star, 3 vols.....Hutchinson

[*See p.* 27.]

Moore, F. F.—One Fair Daughter, 3 vols..... Hutchinson

[*See p.* 26.]

Nisbet, H.—A Desert Bride, a Story of Adventure in India and Persia, 3/6.....White

Norris, W. E.—A Victim of Good Luck, 2 vols., 12/-.. Heinemann

Oxley, J. M.—Archie Mackenzie, the Young Nor'-Wester, 3/6 Henry R.T.S.

Pain, B.—The Kindness of the Celestial, and other Stories, 3/6 Henry

Pease, H.—The Mark o' the Diel, 3/6 ..... Unwin

Pushkin, A. S.—The Queen of Spades, and other Stories, 2/-

Reed, T. B.—The Master of the Shell; Tom, Dick, and Harry, 5/- each .....R.T.S.

Rita.—The Ending of My Day, the Story of a Stormy Life, 2/6

Rita.—A Husband of No Importance. Pseudonym Library, 1/6 Unwin

[*See p.* 26.]

Rowsell, M. C.—The Friend of the People, 3 vols., 31/6 .... Unwin

Russell, D.—Country Sweetheart, a Novel. 3 vols., 15/- net ..Chatto

Salwey, R. E.—Ventured in Vain, 2 vols., 21/- ..... Hurst

Silke, L. C.—Margaret Somerset, an Historical Tale, 2/6.... R.T.S.

Sterne, L., The Works of, edited by G. Saintsbury. Vols. 1, 2, 3. Tristram Shandy .....Dent

[*See p.* 25.]

Stevenson, R. L. and Osbourne, L.—The Ebb Tide, a Trio and Quartette, 6/-.....Heinemann

[*See p.* 19.]

Tadema, L. A.—The Wings of Icarus, 2/6 net. (Pioneer Series) Heinemann

[*See p.* 27.]

Turner, E. S.—Seven Little Australians, 3/6..... Ward, Lock

[*A delightful story for children, about children, naughty ones whom they will instinctively and with good reason like.*]

Vynne, N.—Honey of Aloes, and other Stories, 3/6.....Ward, Lock

Warden, F.—My Child and I, a Woman's Story, 2/6 ..... White

Zola's Lourdes, translated by E. A. Vizetelly, 3/6 .....Chatto

[*See p.* 27.]

New Editions.

Dale, Darley.—Lottie's Wooing, 2/- .....Hutchinson

Farjeon, B. L.—The Last Tenant, 2/- .....Hutchinson

Farjeon, B. L.—Something Occurred, 2/-..... Routledge

HATTON, J.—Under the Great Seal, 2/- ..... Hutchinson
HOPE, A.—Half a Hero, a Novel, 6/- ..... Methuen
Keith Deramore, by the author of 'Miss Molly,' 2/6 ..... Longmans
[*Cheap edition of a novel considerably above the average in power and interest. The central character, if a trifle stagy, is presented with vigour.*]
MATHERS, H.—Cherry Ripe; Jock o' Hazelgreen; Eyre's Acquittal, 3/6 each ..... Jarrold
PRAED, Mrs. C.—The Romance of a Chalet, 2/- ..... White
SCOTT, Sir W.—The Betrothed and the Highland Widow, 5/-, illustrated by G. C. Hindley ..... Black
YONGE, C. M.—The Cook and the Captive, 3/6 ..... Nat. Soc.
YORKE, C.—A Record of Discords, a Novel, 3/6 ..... Jarroid
YORKE, C.—A Romance of Modern London, 3/6 ..... Jarrold
[*A pleasant, wholesome story. One of the most successful of this popular writer's novels.*]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BRADLEY, R.—The Flute of Athena, and other Poems ..... E. Stock
[*The verses are respectable, but in no way striking. The most remarkable thing about the volume is the statement, "The hand that did these lines indite, Imperfect and amiss, Has here imprinted every page, From Title to Finis." Perhaps the cobbler should stick to his last, but the type-setting is, at least, more than worthy of the matter.*]
BURNS, D.—The May Queen, 2/6 net ..... Simkin
Chaucer's Works, edited by W. W. Skeat, vol. 4, 16/- Clarendon Press
GILLETT, E. E.—A Christmas Tale and Other Poems, 2/6 ..... Stock
HAILSTONE, H.—Songs and Psalms, 3/- ..... Simpkin
Idylls to the Dawn, 3/- net ..... Bell
INNES, A. D.—Verse Translation from Greek and Latin Poets, 5/- Innes
INGLISFIELD, W.—Queen Elizabeth and Earl Leicester, a Drama in Five Acts, 5/- ..... Stock
JACKSON, R.—One Hundred Original Hymn Tunes, 2/- ..... Simpkin
KERNAHAN, C.—Sorrow and Song, 3/6 ..... Ward & Lock
MONRO, D. B.—The Modes of Ancient Greek Music, 8/6 net Clarendon Press
Temple Shakespeare, The: A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Merchant of Venice, 1/- net each ..... Dent
TOMLINSON, C.—Dante, Beatrice, and the Divine Comedy, 2/6 Williams & Norgate
WILLIAMS, W. P.—Poems in Pink, 5/- ..... Simpkin

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ARNOLD, Sir E.—Wandering Words, Illustrated, 18/- ..... Longmans
[*See p.* 23.]
BESANT, ANNIE—An Autobiography, 6/- ..... Unwin
[*See p.* 28.]
BICKERDYKE, J.—Days in Thule with Rod, Gun, and Camera, 3/6 Constable
Bill Nye's History of the United States, Illustrated by F. Opper, 3/6
[*See p.* 28.] Chatto
BISHOP, I. L.—Among the Tibetans, 2 6 ..... R.T.S.
CHADWICK, J. C.—Three Years with Lobengula and Experiences in South Africa, 3/6
Cicero (M. Tullius), Correspondence of, by R. Y. Tyrrell and L. C. Purser, vol. 4. 15/- ..... Longmans
COWPER, F.—Sailing Tours, Guide to the Cruising Waters of the English Coast, Brittany, etc., part 3, 7/6 ..... Gill
CURZON, Hon. G. N.—Problems of the Far East, 21/- ..... Longmans
DANIELL, Rev. J. J.—The History of Chippenham, 5/- ..... Houlston
FISHWICK, Lieut.-Col. H.—A History of Lancashire, 7/6 ..... Stock
Flamborough Village and Headland, by Various Writers, 3/6 .. Simpkin
HARPER, H. A.—Walks in Palestine. 10/6 ..... R.T.S.
MASON, W. F.—The Struggle for Empire, a History of Rome 287-202 B.C., 4/6 ..... Clive
MILN, L. J.—When We were Strolling Players in the East, 16/- Osgood
MUSGRAVE, C. A.—German History, a Short Review of the Principal Facts, 2/6 ..... Sonnenschein
SHELDON, J. P.—Through Staffordshire Stiles and Derbyshire Dales, 5/- Simpkin
SIMPSON, W. S.—St. Paul's Cathedral and Old City Life, 7/6 E. Stock
WALTON, Col. C.—History of the British Standing Army, 1660-1700, 21/- net ..... Harrison
WIEL, A.—Venice, 5/- (Story of the Nations) ..... Unwin
Williams, Roger, the Pioneer of Religious Liberty, by O. S. Straus, 6/- Unwin
WILLS, W. A., and COLLINGRIDGE, L. T.—The Downfall of Lobengula, 6/- ..... *African Review* Office

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

ANSTRUTHER, R., and SETTEMBRINI, R.—Seafaring Phrases and Technical Terms, English and Italian, 4/- ..... Griffin
ARMSTRONG, W.—The Portfolio: Thomas Gainsborough, 2/6 .. Seeley
[*See p.* 28.]
BAKER, J.—Pictures from Bohemia, drawn with Pen and Pencil, 8/- R.T.S.
Blackie's School and Home Library: Masterman Ready and Little Women, 1/4 each ..... Blackie
BLAKE, E. T.—Myxœdema, Cretinism, and the Goitres, with some of their Relations, 3/6 ..... Wright
BRADBURY, E.—Architectural Sketches in and around Northampton, 3/6 net ..... Mark
CAYLEY, A.—Collected Mathematical Papers, vol. 7, 25/- Camb. Univ. Press
COLSON, C.—Notes on Docks and Dock Construction, 21/- net Longmans
CHEYNE, W. W.—The Treatment of Wounds, Ulcers, and Abscesses, 3/6 ..... Pentland
Ciceronis Pro T. Annio Milone ad Judices Oratio, ed. by J. S. Reid, 2/6 (Pitt Press) ..... Cambridge Warehouse
COOKE, M. C.—Edible and Poisonous Mushrooms, 3/6 ..... C.K.S.
COOK, A. M.—Key to Shorter Latin Course, 4/6 ..... Macmillan
CUMMING, L.—Heat, 4/6 ..... Longmans
DAWSON, S. J. W.—The Meeting-place of Geology and History, 5/- R.T.S.
Euripides's Alcestis, edited by M. L. Earle, 3/6 ..... Macmillan
GILLESPIE, Rev. C. G. K.—The Sanitary Code of the Pentateuch, 2/- R.T.S.
GORDON, W. J.—Popular Natural History for Boys and Girls, 2/6 R.T.S.
GOULD, G. M.—An Illustrated Dictionary of Medicine, etc., 42/- net Baillière
HALL, J. R. C.—A Concise Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, 15/- Sonnenschein
HAMILTON, D. I.—A Text-Book of Pathology, vol. 2, parts 1 and 2, 15/- each net ..... Macmillan
HEWITT, J. F.—The Ruling Races of Prehistoric Times in India, etc., 18/- ..... Constable
HULME, F. E.—Birth and Development of Ornament, 3/6 Sonnenschein
HUXLEY, T. H.—Collected Works: Evolution and Ethics, and other Essays, 5/- ..... Macmillan
Intelligent Spelling, 2/- ..... Educ. Union
JONES, B.—Co-operative Production, 15/- ..... Clarendon Press
LAFENESTRE, G., and RICHTENBERGER, E.—The National Museum of the Louvre, 10/6 ..... Dean
LATHOM, H. W.—Handy Guide to the Licensing Acts, 5/- .... Stevens
MCCURDY, J. F.—History, Prophecy, and the Monuments, 14/- net Macmillan
MACMILLAN.—Shorter Latin Course, part 2, by A. M. Cook and W. E. P. Pantin, 2/- ..... Macmillan
MATHEW, Rev. M. A.—The Birds of Pembrokeshire and its Islands, Illustrated, 10/6 net ..... Porter
MERCIER, C.—Lunacy Law by Medical Men, 5/- ..... Churchill
MILNER, G.—Studies of Nature on the Coast of Arran, 6/6 net Longmans
NEWEY, H. F.—Elementary Drawing for Art Students and Teachers, Illustrated, 2/6 ..... Chapman & Hall
NOTTER, J. L., and FRITH, R.—Hygiene Elementary Science Manual, 3/6 ..... Longmans
Orations of Isocrates, translated by J. H. Freese, vol. 1, 5/- ..... Bell
Pictures from *Punch*, vol. 2, 6/-
PLATT, J. T.—Grammar of the Persian Language: Part 1, Accidence, 10/6 ..... Williams & Norgate
SCHERREN, H.—Ponds and Rock Pools, with Hints on Collecting, 2/6 R.T.S.
SCLATER, P. L., and THOMAS, O.—The Book of Antelopes, Hand-coloured Plates by Wolf, part 1, 15/- net ..... Porter
SMALL, E. W.—The Earth, an Introduction to the Study of Inorganic Nature, 2/6 ..... Methuen
SMYTH, H. W.—The Sounds and Inflections of the Greek Dialects: Ionic, 24/- ..... Clarendon Press
STODDARD, J. L.—Portfolio of Photographs of Famous Scenes, Cities, and Paintings, 10/6 net ..... *News of the World* Office
TACITI, C.—Annalium ab Excessu Divi Augusti Libri, by H. Furneaux, 6/- ..... Clarendon Press
TACITI, C.—De Germania, edited, with Introduction, etc., by H. Furneaux, 6/6 ..... Clarendon Press
THORNTON, A.—Theoretical Mechanics: Solids, Advanced, 4/6 Longmans

NEW EDITION.

MEYER, F. S.—A Handbook of Ornament, revised by Hugh Stannus, F.R.I.B.A., 12/6 ..... Batsford
[*See p.* 28.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

ASHBEE, C. R.—A Few Chapters in Workshop Reconstruction and Citizenship, 5/- net ..... Guild of Handicraft
ASTOR, J. J.—A Journey in Other Worlds, a Romance of the Future, 6/- ..... Longmans
[*Mr. Astor complains in his preface that books and magazine articles do not devote their space to telling us what we do not know in science. He makes up for their deficiencies by telling a great deal we didn't know about the affairs of Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn. Celestial and sublunary things are mixed up in a way that is funny, if not instructive.*]
Atalanta, vol. 7, 8/- ..... Office
Book of the Lifeboat, The, ed. by J. C. Dibdin and J. Aveling, 4/6 net Oliphant
[*An interesting account of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, with descriptions of lifeboat-stations, and of thrilling incidents in lifeboat work. The chapters are from the pens of many different contributors, and the whole is fully illustrated.*]
Boys' Illustrated Annual, vol. 2, 7/6 ..... Office
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, being a Facsimile of the First Edition, Introduction by Dr. J. Brown, 2/6 ..... Stock
CURRIE, Miss.—Missionary Birthday Book, 2/6 ..... R.T.S.
DOUGLAS, Mrs.—The Gentlewoman's Book of Dress, 6/- (The Victoria Library for Gentlewomen) ..... Henry
[*Written very brightly. Amid a good deal of conventionality there are gleams of really good sense in the advice and suggestions.*]
Fluff, or What a Little Dog Did, by M. F. W., 2/- ..... Masters
GREEN, E. E.—The Family: some Reminiscences of a Housekeeper, 5/- R.T.S.
JOLLY, W.—Ruskin on Education, some Needed but Neglected Elements Restated and Reviewed, 2/- net ..... G. Allen
LEWIS, E.—The A. L. Scheme of Advanced Kindergarten, 2/- Simpkin
LOW, F. H.—Queen Victoria's Dolls, Illustrated by A. Wright, 12/6 Newnes
[*A handsome gift book. The coloured plates are exceedingly well executed.*]
MANTUA, Prince of.—Visions of the Interior of the Earth, 2/- Simpkin
MARRYAT, F.—The Spirit World, 6/- ..... White
My Book of Travel Stories; My Book of the Sea; My Book of Adventures, 2/- each ..... Arnold
PARKER, F. W.—Talks on Pedagogics, an Outline of the Theory of Concentration, 6/6
Rabelais' Works, translated from French, with Variorum Notes, and Illustrations by G. Doré, 10/6 ..... Moray Press, Derby
SCOTT, H. T.—Autograph Collecting, 7/6 ..... G.M.
SLATER, R. M.—What Shall Baby's Name Be? 2/6 ..... Grant
To-day, vol. 3, 3/6 ..... Office
VACHER, F.—A Healthy Home, 3/6 ..... Rider

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between August 15th and September 15th, 1894:—

LONDON, W.C.

1. Perlycross. By R. D. Blackmore. 6s. (Sampson Low.)
2. Lourdes. By Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)
3. Under the Red Robe. By Stanley Weyman. 6s. (Methuen.)
4. Highland Cousins. By William Black. 6s. (Sampson Low.)
5. The Ebb Tide. By R. L. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. 6s. (William Heinemann.)
6. Half a Hero. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

LONDON, E.C.

1. If Christ Came to Chicago. By Stead. 1s. (Marshall.)
2. The Manxman. By Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
3. Lourdes. By Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
4. Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
6. London. By Walter Besant. 7s. 6d. (Chatto.)

Things are on the mend. Trade is brisker. School-books in great demand, and a better window sale than has been during the past two or three months.

LIVERPOOL.

1. Manxman. 6s.
2. Perlycross. 6s.
3. Partridge and Grouse (Fur and Feather Series). 5s. each.
4. Kidd's Social Evolution. 10s. net.
5. Drummond's Ascent of Man. 7s. 6d. net.
6. Pembroke. 6s.

MANCHESTER.

1. Caine's The Manxman. 6s.
2. Blackmore's Perlycross. 6s.
3. Zola's Lourdes. 3s. 6d.
4. Ships that Pass in the Night.
5. The Yellow Aster.
6. Kidd's Evolution.
7. Ascent of Man.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Weyman: Under the Red Robe.
2. Blackmore: Perlycross.
3. Black: Highland Cousins.
4. Kidd: Social Evolution.
5. Drummond: The Ascent of Man.
6. Huxley: Collected Essays.

BRADFORD.

1. The Manxman. Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
2. Cartoons of St. Mark. Horton. (J. Clarke.)
3. Perlycross. Blackmore. 6s. (S. Low.)
4. Marcella. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
5. Under the Red Robe. Weyman. 6s. (Methuen.)
6. Climbing in England. Smith. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)

HULL.

1. The Manxman. 6s.
2. Zola's Lourdes. 3s. 6d.
3. A Record of Discords. 3s. 6d.
4. Mrs. Wood's Novels. 3s. 6d.
5. Perlycross. By Blackmore. 6s.
6. Highland Cousins. By W. Black. 6s.

SUNDERLAND.

1. The Manxman. Hall Caine. 6s.
2. Perlycross. Blackmore. 6s.
3. Lourdes. Zola. 3s. 6d.
4. London. Besant. Cheap edition. 7s. 6d.
5. We Three and Troddles. "R. Andom." 3s. 6d.

MIDDLESBROUGH.

1. Social Evolution. By Kidd.
2. An Unbidden Guest. By Hornung.
3. Heavenly Twins. By Sarah Grand.
4. The Ascent of Man. By Drummond.
5. Mad Sir Uchtred. By Crockett.
6. Text Books and Educational Literature.

Book trade improving.

EDINBURGH.

1. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
2. Mountain, Moor, and Loch. By Sir Joseph Causton. 2s.
3. Perlycross. By R. D. Blackmore. 6s.
4. Book of Numbers. By R. A. Watson, D.D. 7s. 6d.
5. The Grouse (Fur and Feather Series). 5s.
6. Highland Cousins. By W. Black. 6s.

GLASGOW.

1. The Manxman. Hall Caine. 6s.
2. The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
3. Help for Common Days. By Dr. J. R. Miller. 2s. 6d.
4. Perlycross. By R. D. Blackmore. 6s.
5. Bible Dictionary. Dr. Easton. 5s.
6. The Jungle Book. Kipling. 6s.

ABERDEEN.

1. Castle Dangerous. Two Drovers. 2 vols. Border Waverley. 6s. each.
2. Landmarks of Church History. By Rev. Professor Cowan, D.D. Guild Text Book. 6d. net.
3. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
4. Doris Cheyne. By Annie S. Swan. 1s.
5. The Holy Spirit and Christian Privilege. By Rev. T. G. Selby. 3s. 6d.
6. The Inspirations of the Christian Life. By Rev. T. H. Lockyer, B.A. 3s. 6d.

DUMFRIES.

1. Panta Rye. By Eremus. 6s.
2. Stoddard's Photographs of Famous Cities. 10s. 6d.
3. Milligan's Resurrection of the Dead. 4s. 6d.
4. Stoughton's Recollections. 6s.
5. Moodie (W.), Tools for Teachers. 5s.
6. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.

DUBLIN (1).

1. The Manxman. Hall Caine. 6s.
2. Short History of Ireland. S. W. Joyce. 2s.
3. Esmond. Thackeray. Waterloo ed. 2s.
4. Newman's Meditations and Devotions. 5s. net.
5. Ships that Pass in the Night. Beatrice Harraden. 3s. 6d.
6. The Story of Ireland. 2s. 6d.

DUBLIN (2).

1. Dufferin's Verses.
2. Ascent of Man. By Drummond.
3. Problems of Far East. By Curzon.
4. Grouse (Fur and Feather Series).
5. Manxman. By Hall Caine.
6. Lourdes. By Zola (French edition).

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.
(Second-hand.)

Business here certainly firmer; customers seem more eager to buy.

LIVERPOOL (1).

Trade here has remained about the same during the past three months: chiefly in the classes mentioned under this head in your last issue, viz., high class scientific, philosophical, and theological works, also good technical works, the Standard Novelists, both re-issues, and the works of recent date.

LIVERPOOL (2).

According to our Liverpool contemporary, Book Queries, we learn that the reprint of a scarce Shelley pamphlet, entitled We Pity the Plumage, is being passed off on unsuspecting buyers as the genuine article by means of a false date and the removal of imprint.

It is only a year or so since the proprietors of this same journal exposed the Jefferies fraud.

LIVERPOOL (3).

Business improves day by day. Large inquiry for educational text-books, theology, engineering and science, library editions of English classics, Swinburne, Stevenson, Chaucer, and Le Gallienne.

BIRMINGHAM.

Great improvement on last month. Specially good demand for students' books. First editions looking up.

BURNLEY.

The various 1s. net. series are selling well. If the 1s. craze goes much further, how shall we sell 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. books, which are about same size and quality?

YORK.

Business in York gently improving. It is pleasing to note this has been so in the district of Stonegate, a resort of booksellers from time immemorial. The first books printed in York were issued from "Steengate," not long after printing was introduced into England. For a few years recently it was deserted by booksellers until "Ye Olde Boke Shoppe" was opened. During this month this business changes hands, and "reduced prices" for the time have been an extra attraction, but the freeing of Lendal Bridge from toll will have a tendency to permanently improve trade in this district.

ST. LEONARDS.

Trade here shows a decided improvement this month. The sale of the Manxman, Marcella, and other new one-volume novels shows no falling off.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Harper's Rambles in Galloway.
Plates to Ainsworth's Mervyn Chitheroe, demy 8vo ed.; Mysterious Bell Ringing, to face page 192; I find Pownall in Conference, 263; Mystery of Delemere, 316; Death of Malpas-Sale, 359.
Hogg's Life of Dr. Wightman.

APEL'S LIBRARY, HASTINGS.

Infelicia, Poems by Adah Isaacs Menken, small 4to, cloth.

J. E. ARNETT, THE LIBRARY, TENBY.

Francis, Neath and its Abbey.
Old Maps, Tenby Harbour, etc., by Lewis Morris.
Christianity of Stoicism, etc., London, 1822.
Babington, Botany of S. Pembrokeshire.
Falconer, Flora of Tenby.
Scott, History of Newport.
Hotten, Account of Books relating to S. Wales.
Hermit of Hoyle's Mouth, by S. M. (pamphlet poem).
A Letter from Tinby in Wales, 1648.
Runic Mythology of Monmouthshire.
Prints of French Frigates of Fishguard.
Tombs, Concerning Pembrokeshire.
Rudiments of Thorough Bass, Pembroke, 1810.
Handbook to Manoreere Castle, Brecon, 1883.
Landing of French at Fishguard, pub. Haverfordwest.
Map of Swansea Bay, any old, large scale, including Baglan.
Wyndham, Tour through Wales.
Anything relating to French Invasion at Fishguard.
Norris, Historical Account of Tenby with folding plates (no other).
Letter, "To the Burgesses . . . of Tenby," Swansea, 1831.
Observations on ditto, Carmarthen, 1832.

BARNICOTT & PEARCE, TAUNTON.

Stephens' Commentaries, 11th edition.
Hugo's Edwy: A Tragedy.
Webb's (Fr.) Sermons.
Panharmonicon, 4to, 1814.

JOHN BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE ST., YORK.

Spurgeon's Treasury of David, especially vols. 3 and 4.
Wesleyan Takings, vol. 1.
Ward's History of Methodism in Swaledale.
Richardson's Northern Table-book.
Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 3 vols.
Mannox's History of Westmoreland, 1849.
Davies' Walks Through the City of York.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH ST. HEREFORD.

Alice in Wonderland, 1865.
Jardine's Nat. Lib. Ornithology, vol. 13.
Freeman's Short Hist. of Norman Conquest.
Select Poetry, Oliphant.
Dingley, History from Marble, 2 vols., 4to.
Gardiner's History of England, vols. 1 and 2.
Pinkerton's Voyages, vol. 9, 4to.
Tale of Two Cities, parts 5, 6, 7.
Archæologia Cambrensis, July, 1846, vol. 15, 1869.

A. COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

Peacock, Maid Marian, 1st ed.
Indian Antiquities and Religion, any works.
Puckle, The Club. Report all Large Paper.
Hawker, Footprints in Cornwall, 1870.
Sue, Wandering Jew, 2 vols., 1846.

The Fortress, a Novel, 3 vols., C. 1840.
Payne, Armorial of Jersey.
Fuller, Good Thoughts in Bad Times, 1645.
" Worthies, 1662.
" Abel Redivivus, 1651.
Laurent (Dr.), Les Bisexues, etc., 1894.
Cobbett, Twopenny Trash.
Fitzgerald, Six Dramas of Calderon, 1853.
Carroll (Lewis), Phantasmagoria, 1869.
Coleridge, Notes on Shakespeare, etc., 2 vols., 1849.
Helps, Thoughts in the Cloister, etc., 1835.
Tylney Hall.
Pottleton Legacy.

W. E. CLEGG, OLDHAM.

Pall Mall Magazine, part 2.
Message of Love, by Rycroft.
Parliamentary Grants to Church and Chapel, by Rev. Thomas Moore.
The Dead Hand in the Free Churches of Dissent, by Rev. Thomas Moore.

GEORGE GREGORY, BATH.

Taine's French Revolution.
Serel's Notes on St. Cuthbert's, Wells.
Carter's Epictetus, or her works, 1717-1806.
Whitehead's Richard Savage.
Diary of Mme. Darblay, 7 vols., cr. 8vo, cl., vol. 1.

F. T. GROOM, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

Books on Flint Implements (any).
Wolseley's Life of Duke of Marlborough, 1st ed.
A Retrospect on King Edward VI. School, by J. W. Donaldson.

JOHN GUTHRIE, 105, ALEXANDRA PARADE, GLASGOW.

Uncollected Writings of De Quincey, 2 vols.
Hero of Alexandria's Spiritulia Pneumatica.
Bucknill, Dr. J. C., Mad Folk of Shakespeare, Psychological Essays.

HARRISON & SONS, 59, PALL MALL, S.W.

Badminton Hunting, L.P.
" Fishing, 2 vols., L.P.
Burke's Peerage, 1893.
Mackay's Lost Beauties of the English Language.
Burton's Arabian Nights, 16 vols.
Hunter's Imperial Gazetteer of India, vol. 6.
Hammond's Liturgies, Eastern and Western.
Yeo's Burman.
Hythe Certificate and How to Obtain It.
David Copperfield, parts 7, 9, and 12, clean.
Dombey and Son, parts 1, 2, 8, 9, 10, 19, and 20, clean.

JAGGARD & TAYLOR, 81, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Cockayne, Leechdom, Wortcunning, and Starcraft, 3 vols.
Bookplates (Ex Libris), a collection.
Friswell, Portraits of Shakespeare.
Hill, Organ Cases.
Collins, Cruise on Wheels.
Leech, Caricature of Mulready Envelope.
Lee, Laws of Shipping.
A B C Telegraphic Code, 4th ed.
Stanley, Jewish Church, vol. 3.
Cripps, Law of Compensation.
Stirling Graham on Mystification.
Lillywhite, Cricket Scores, vols. 2, 3, 4.
Fraser, Golden Bough, 2 vols.
Hencker, Magic Plants.

W. LLOYD, PHŒNIX MILLS, DARTFORD.

Thoroton's History of Nottingham, by Throsby, vol. 1.
Brockedon's Passes of the Alps, vol. 1, large paper copy.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.

Mining Law, by MacSweeney W. Maxwell, 1884.
Parker's People's Bible, a full set or run.
Heptameron, Bohn's extra.
Civil Engineers, Minutes of, vols. 1, 7, 8, and 81.
Morley's Literature, 7s. 6d.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.

MACNIVEN & WALLACE, EDINBURGH.

Pater (W.), Child in the House.

B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY STREET, BATH.

Fugitive Pieces (Poems), 4to, Newark, 1806.
Gil Blas, Roscoe's Novelists' Library, 2 vols.
Goldsmith, Vicar of Wakefield, 2 vols., 1766.
Goldsmith's works, in pamphlet form, 4to, 1st eds.
Gray's Elegy, thin 4to, 1751.
Great Expectations, 3 vols., cloth, 1861.
Grimaldi's Memoirs, 2 vols., cloth, 1838.
Grimm's German Popular Stories, 2 vols., 1823-6.
Gulliver's Travels, 3 vols., 1726-27.
Handley Cross, original nos.
Hawbuck Grange, 8vo, 1847.
Hawthorne's (N.), Works, early eds.
Hazlitt's (W.) Works, 1st eds.
Hillingdon Hall, 3 vols., 1845.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL COMPANY, LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

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